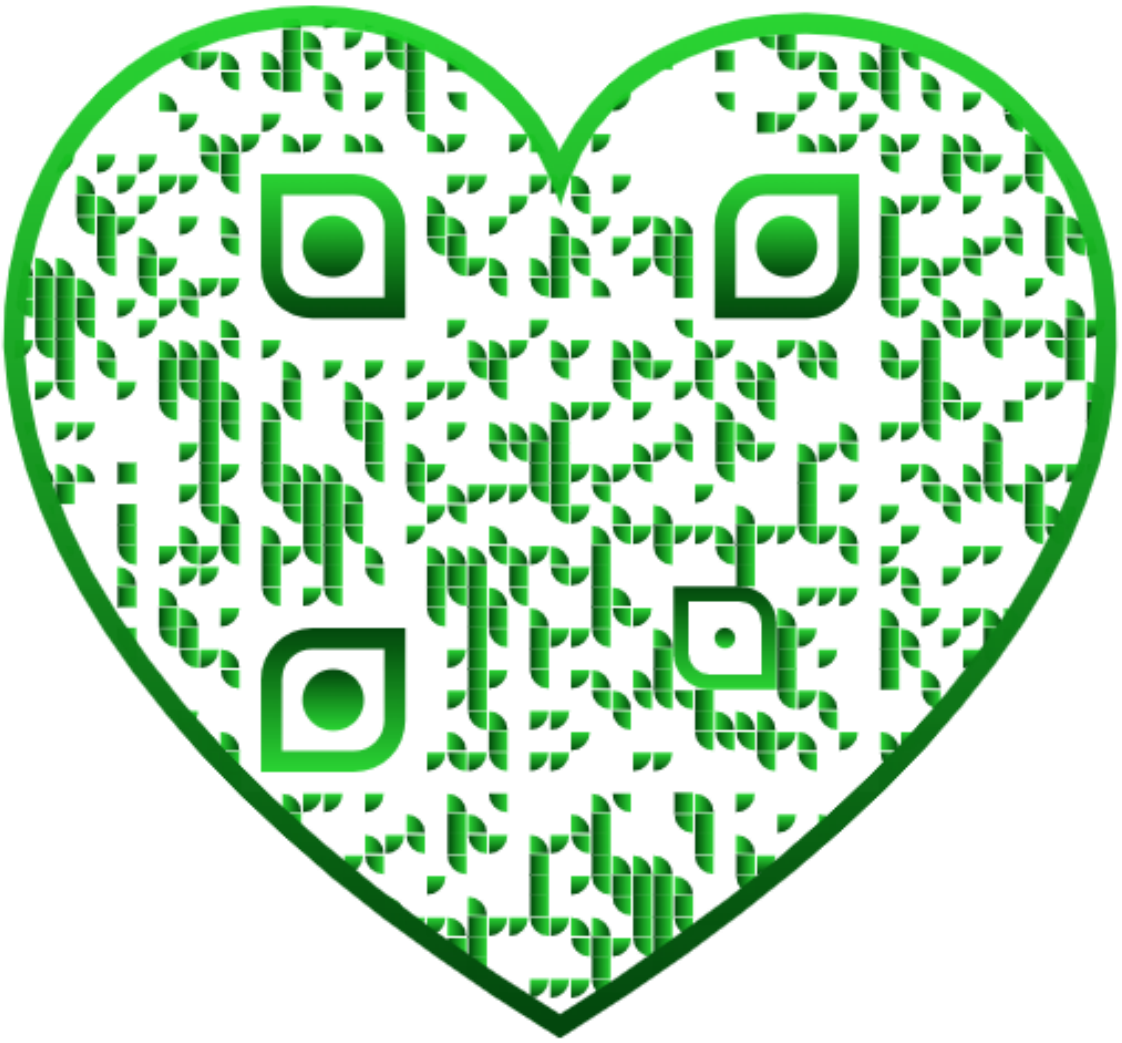
Ancient Egypt

Extraterrestrial Origins

THE JOURNALS OF M.G. HAWKING



Ancient Egypt

Extraterrestrial Origins

From the Journals and Field Notes of M.G. Hawking

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A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed

Mystic Wisdom of the Masters, The Esoteric Knowledge of Great Adepts

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Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers: A Guide to Attaining True Paranormal Abilities

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"*Ancient Egypt presents us with an impenetrable mystery. How may we explain a Neolithic desert people spawning the most majestic civilization of history? Their rapid ascension from a primitive state to a previously unapproached zenith of technology and culture demonstrates advancements that utterly elude explanation. Many of their artistic and architectural productions are unequalled to this day. What could possibly explain vast technical knowledge and sophistication appearing so fully-formed so suddenly?*" —Legendary Egyptologist Flinders Petrie, *Archaeological Journal* (1911)

"*From my knowledge of the universe, I can tell you that accounts of an ancient extraterrestrial presence on our planet are the result of the rational efforts of extraterrestrial intelligence rather than the irrational characteristics of terrestrial intelligence*." —Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate, recipient of the Franklin Medal, the National Medal of Science, and the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society

"*We are not alone in the universe. When I learned that extraterrestrials really do exist, I wasn't too surprised. They have been here a long time. But what did shock me is the extent to which the proof has been hushed up*." — Edgar Mitchell, Ph.D., Apollo 14 Astronaut (the sixth person to walk on the moon), recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom and the NASA Distinguished Service Medal

The Incomparable Civilization

"*Egypt gave birth to what later would become known as 'Western Civilization,' long before the greatness of Greece and Rome*." —John Henrik Clarke

Over ten-thousand years ago there appeared on the banks of the Nile, as if suddenly descended upon the sands, the first great civilization of known history. No one knows from whence the early Egyptians came, yet no people, ancient or modern, have conceived of building a civilization on a scale so sublime, so great, so grandiose, as the Ancient Egyptians.

Their technology of agriculture, metallurgy, industry and engineering; the

invention of glass and linen, of paper and ink, of the calendar and the clock, of geometry and the alphabet; the excellence and sublimity of sculpture and the arts; the refinement of dress and ornament, of furniture and dwellings, of society and life; the remarkable development of orderly and peaceful government, of census and post, of primary and secondary education, even of technical training for office and administration; the advancement of writing and literature, of science and medicine; the first clear formulation known to us of individual and public conscience, the first cry for social justice, the first widespread monogamy, the first monotheism, the first essays in moral philosophy . . . all elevated to a degree of superiority and power that has seldom, if ever, been reached since.

"*Ancient Egypt, through the solidarity, the unity, the disciplined variety of its magnificent achievements, its unexcelled artistic products, and through the enormous duration and the sustained power of its effort, offers the spectacle of the greatest civilization that has yet appeared on the earth. We shall do well to equal it.*" —Gabriel Faure

Nearly all the ancients agreed in ascribing the invention of the sciences to the Egyptians. Like almost everything else in the cultural life of ancient Egypt, it drips with evidence of its unknown and mysterious origins. According to their own legends, the sciences were introduced circa 18,000 B.C. by *Thoth*, the Egyptian god-of-all-trades, who arrived in the region of the Nile in the time of *Zep Tepi*. During his three-thousand-year-long reign on earth, the most ancient books in each science were among the twenty-thousand volumes said to have been composed by this mysterious deity. Interestingly, our current knowledge does not permit us to improve upon this theory of the origins of science in Egypt.

At the very outset of Egyptian history we find mathematics highly developed; the design and construction of the Pyramids involved a precision of measurement impossible without sophisticated mathematical lore. The dependence of Egyptian life upon the fluctuations of the Nile led to careful records and calculations of the rise and recession of the river; surveyors and scribes were continually remeasuring the land whose boundaries had been obliterated by the inundation, and this measuring of the land was evidently the origin of "geo-metry." Multiplication and division tables are as ancient as the Pyramids. The oldest mathematical treatise known is the *Ahmes Papyrus*, dating back to 3000 B.C.; but this in turn refers to mathematical writings

five-hundred years more ancient than itself. It illustrates by examples the computation of the capacity of a barn or the area of a field, and passes to algebraic equations of the first degree. Egyptian geometry measured not only the area of squares, circles and cubes, but also the cubic content of cylinders and spheres, and it arrived at 3.15 as the value of π. We enjoy the honor of having advanced from 3.15 to 3.1416 in the last four-thousand years.

Of other Egyptian sciences we know very little from the extant records. Clearly they knew enough to predict the day on which the Nile would rise, and to orient their pyramids and temples with great precision to points of astronomical alignment. Clement of Alexandria (circa A.D. 150-215) gives us the titles of four Egyptian astronomy books (which have not survived): a) On the Disposition of Fixed Stars and Stellar Phenomena, b) On the Disposition of the Sun, Moon and Planets, c) On the Syzergies and Phases of the Sun and Moon, d) On Risings. These texts may not have been intended for publication, but were available only to the scholars, which may help to explain why so little of Egyptian science has come down to us directly from the Egyptians rather than indirectly from the Greeks such as Pythagoras, who was initiated into the Egyptian mysteries.

Possibly they knew more than they cared to publish among a people whose superstitions were so precious to their rulers; the priests regarded their astronomical studies as an esoteric and sacred science, which they were reluctant to disclose to the common world. For century after century they kept track of the position and movements of the planets, until their records stretched back for thousands of years. They distinguished between planets and fixed stars, noted in their catalogues stars of the sixth magnitude (invisible to the unaided eye), and charted what they thought were the astral influences of the heavens on the fortunes of men. From these observations they built the calendar which was to be another of Egypt's greatest gifts to mankind.

Perhaps the supreme element in this mysterious civilization was its art. Here, at the very threshold of history we find an art powerful and mature, superior to that of any modern nation, and rivaled only by that of Greece. At first the luxury of isolation and peace, and then, under Thutmose III and Rameses II, the spoils of conquest, gave to Egypt the opportunity and the means for massive architecture, masculine statuary, and a hundred minor arts that so early touched perfection.

The whole theory of progress hesitates before Egyptian art: "*We were astonished by the beauty and refinement of the art displayed by the objects surpassing all we could have imagined; the impression was overwhelming*." —Egyptologist Howard Carter, discoverer of the intact tomb (KV62) of the 18th Dynasty Pharaoh, *Tutankhamun* (November 1922)

Architecture was the noblest of these ancient arts, because it combined in imposing form both mass and duration, beauty and use. From the time of the Pyramids to the Temple of Hathor at Denderah, i.e., for some three-thousand years, there rose out of the sands of Egypt such a succession of architectural achievements as no civilization has ever surpassed. At Karnak and Luxor a riot of columns raised by Thutmose I and Amenhotep III, Seti I, Rameses II and other monarchs from the Twelfth to the Twenty-Second Dynasty; at Medinet-IIabu (c. 1300 B.C.) a vast but less distinguished edifice, on whose columns an Arab village rested for centuries. At Abydos the Temple of Seti I, dark and somber in its massive ruins; at Elephantine the little Temple of Khnum (c. 1400 B.C.), "positively Greek in its precision and elegance"; at Dcr-el-Bahari the stately colonnades of Queen Hatshepsut; near it the Ramcsseum, another forest of colossal columns and statues reared by the architects of Rameses II; at Philce the lovely Temple of Isis (c. 240 B.C.) desolate and abandoned now that the damming of the Nile at Assuan has submerged the bases of its perfect columns.

These are sample fragments of the many monuments that still adorn the valley of the Nile, and attest even in their ruins the strength and courage of the mysterious race that reared them. Here, perhaps, is an excess of pillars, a crowding of columns against the tyranny of the sun, a Far-Eastern aversion to symmetry, a lack of unity, a barbaric-modern adoration of size. But here, too, are grandeur, sublimity, majesty and power; here is the invention of the arch and the vault, used sparingly because not needed, but ready to pass on their principles to Greece and Rome and modern Europe; here are decorative designs never surpassed; here are papyriform columns, lotiform columns, "proto-Doric" columns, Caryatid columns, Hathor capitals, palm capitals, clerestories, and magnificent architraves full of the strength and stability that are the very soul of architecture's powerful appeal. The Egyptians were the greatest builders in history.

Some would add that they were also the greatest sculptors. Here at the outset is the Sphinx, conveying by its symbolism the leonine quality of some

masterful Pharaoh, perhaps Khafre-Chephren; it has not only size, as some have thought, but character. The cannon-shot of the Mamelukes have broken the nose and shorn the beard, but nevertheless those gigantic features portray with impressive skill the force and dignity, the calm and skeptical maturity, of a natural king. Across those motionless features a subtle smile has hovered for uncounted millennia, as if already the unknown artist or monarch had understood all that men would ever understand about men. It is a Mona Lisa in stone.

There is nothing finer in the history of sculpture than the diorite statue of Khafre in the Cairo Museum; as ancient to Praxiteles as Praxiteles to us, it nevertheless comes down across fifty centuries almost unhurt by time's rough tooth. Cut in the most intractable of stones, it passes on to us completely the strength and authority, the willfulness and courage, the sensitivity and intelligence of the (artist or the) King. Near it, and even older, Pharaoh Zoser sits pouting in limestone; farther on, the guide with lighted match reveals the transparency of an alabaster Menkaure.

The minor arts were the major art of Egypt. The same skill and energy that had built Karnak and the Pyramids, and had crowded the temples with a populace of stone, devoted itself also to the internal beautification of the home, the adornment of the body, and the development of all the graces of life. Weavers made rugs, tapestries and cushions rich in color and incredibly fine in texture; the designs which they created passed down into Syria, and are used there to this day.

The relics of the tombs have revealed the astonishing luxury of Egyptian furniture, the exquisite finish of every piece and part, chairs covered gaudily with silver and gold, beds of sumptuous workmanship and design, jewel-boxes and perfume-baskets of minute artistry, and vases that only China would rival. Tables bore costly vessels of silver, gold and bronze, crystal goblets, and sparkling bowls of diorite so finely ground that the light shone through their stone walls. The alabaster vessels of Tutankhamun, and the perfect lotus cups and drinking bowls unearthed amid the ruins of Amenhotep III's villa at Thebes, indicate to what a high level the ceramic art was raised.

The jewelers of ancient Egypt brought forth a profusion of precious ornaments seldom surpassed in design and workmanship. Necklaces, crowns, rings, bracelets, mirrors, pectorals, chains, medallions; gold and silver, carnelian and feldspar, lapis lazuli and amethyst, everything is here.

The Egyptians took great pleasure in the beauty of the little things that surrounded them; every square of ivory on their jewel-boxes had to be carved in relief and refined in precise detail. They dressed simply, but they lived completely. And when their day's work was done they refreshed themselves with music softly played on lutes, harps, sistrums, flutes and lyres. Temples and palaces had orchestras and choirs, and on the Pharaoh's staff was a "superintendent of singing" who organized players and musicians for the entertainment of the nobles and kings. There is no trace of a musical notation in Egypt, but this may be merely a lacuna in the remains. Snefrunofr and Re'mery-Ptah were the Carusos and De Reszkes of their day, and across the centuries we hear their boast that they "fulfil every wish of the king by their beautiful singing."

Another glory of Egyptian knowledge was medicine. They described with accuracy the larger bones and viscera, and recognized the function of the heart as the driving power of the organism and the center of the circulatory system: "Its vessels," says the *Ebers Papyrus*, "lead to all the members; whether the doctor lays his finger on the forehead, on the back of the head, on the hands or on the feet, everywhere he meets with the heart." From such knowledge we see the rise in Egypt of great physicians, surgeons and specialists, who acknowledged an ethical code that passed down into the famous Hippocratic oath. Several papyri devoted to medicine have come down to us. The most valuable of them, named for the Edwin Smith who discovered it, is a roll fifteen feet long, dating to about 1800 B.C., and going back for its sources to much earlier works. Even in its extant form it is the oldest scientific document known to history. The author describes, with a clarity unrivaled till the eighteenth century of our era, that control of the lower limbs is localized in the "brain," a word which here appears for the first time in literature. From this to Leonardo and Harvey was but a step—which took us four-thousand years.

Historians of philosophy have been wont to begin their story with the Greeks. The Hindus, who believe that they invented philosophy, and the Chinese, who believe that they perfected it, smile at our provincialism. It may be that we are all mistaken, for the most ancient fragments left to us by the Egyptians are writings that belong, however loosely and untechnically, under the rubric of moral philosophy. The wisdom of the Egyptians was a proverb with the Greeks, who felt themselves children beside this ancient race. The oldest

work of philosophy known to us is the "*Instructions of Ptah-hotep*," which apparently goes back to 2880 B.C., 2300 years before Confucius, Socrates and Buddha. Ptah-hotep was Governor of Memphis, and Prime Minister to the King, under the Fifth Dynasty. Retiring from office, he decided to leave to his son a manual of everlasting wisdom. It was transcribed as an antique classic by scholars prior to the Eighteenth Dynasty. This already is the voice of the prophets; the lines are cast into strophic form, like the prophetic writings of later centuries, and Breasted properly acclaims these "Admonitions" as "the earliest emergence of a social idealism."

"*Virtues which we are apt to suppose a monopoly of Christian culture appear first as the ideal of the ancient Egyptians*." —Brian Brown, *Wisdom of the Egyptians* (1923:xii)

A special note must be made regarding one of the most mystifying of all the seemingly impenetrable puzzles of Ancient Egypt, the origin of the exquisite and lordly ancient Egyptian writing known as hieroglyphics. There are numerous theories suggesting various explanations, yet one thing is certain; the system of hieroglyphic symbols appears suddenly, as if out of nowhere, with no record or evidence of a long, slow development that would normally be the case with any sophisticated written language.

Hieroglyphs were from the very beginning phonetic symbols. An earlier stage consisting exclusively of picture writing using symbols or illustrations of the intended word or concept cannot be shown to have existed in ancient Egypt; indeed, such a stage can with certainty be ruled out. No development from pictures to letters took place; hieroglyphic writing was never a system of picture writing or ideographs. It can also be said with certainty that the "jar marks" (figures on the bottom of clay vessels) that occur early in Egyptian history do not represent a primitive form of the hieroglyphic script. Rather, those designs developed in parallel fashion to hieroglyphic writing and were influenced by it.

Ancient Egyptian legends and traditions explain this quite simply: hieroglyphic writing was one of many "gifts of civilization" provided by Thoth, the Egyptian god-of-all-trades, who arrived in the region of the Nile in the time of *Zep Tepi*. Our current knowledge does not allow us to improve on this explanation.

In ancient times, hieroglyphic script was called *mdju netjer*—"words of the

gods.” The word hieroglyph came from the Greek *hieros* (sacred) and *glypho* (inscriptions), a term that first appears in the writings of Diodorus Siculus or Clement of Alexandria (opinions differ).

Through the ages many people attempted to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphs, largely without success. In the 5th century A.D., however, Horapollo provided translations of nearly two hundred glyphs, some of which were actually correct. Further attempts at decipherment were made in the 9th and 10th centuries by the Arab historians Dhul-Nun al-Misri and Ibn Wahshiyya, and in the 17th century by Athanasius Kircher.

The later attempts failed as they were based on the mistaken assumption that the hieroglyphs represented ideas or ideographs and not actual sounds of a language, a misconception that lingers in much of the general population to this day. Hieroglyphic symbols actually represent sounds (one consonant, two consonants, or three consonants), complete words, homophones, numerals, and non-phonetic information (which provide additional data about the meanings of words, distinguishes homophones, and serves as word dividers).

In 1799 the famous Rosetta Stone was discovered, a granodiorite stele which bore inscriptions of a royal decree of Ptolemy V, written in three sections in Greek, Egyptian hieroglyphic script, and Egyptian demotic script. This enabled scholars such as Silvestre de Sacy, Johan David Åkerblad, and Thomas Young to make significant progress toward deciphering hieroglyphic writing, and by the 1820s, Jean-François Champollion had made a complete decipherment of the hieroglyphic script. One of Champollion’s breakthrough realizations was that the Coptic language, a descendent of ancient Egyptian used as a liturgical language in the Coptic Church, could be used as one of the keys to translating the hieroglyphic inscriptions and discovering the entire ancient Egyptian alphabet.

Champollion’s work was one of the peaks in the history of history. The ability to translate the thousands of inscriptions found on the walls of ancient monuments, temples, tombs, and documents has provided us with incredible insights regarding the civilization and culture of the Ancient Egyptians.

The foregoing narrative reveals only a fraction of the tremendous advancements of the Ancient Egyptians. Was ancient Egypt, as many scholars believe, the greatest civilization in all known history? How was this vast array of wholly unprecedented accomplishments achieved? How did a

small stone-age culture suddenly rise to such heights?

Where did the Ancient Egyptians' extraordinary knowledge, power, technology, and superiority come from? And, as the Egygtologist Petrie wondered aloud in 1911, "*What could possibly explain vast technical knowledge and sophistication appearing so fully-formed so suddenly?*"

Our Universe

"*The human mind is not capable of grasping the universe. We are like a little child entering a huge library. The walls are covered to the ceilings with books in many different tongues. The child knows that someone must have written these books. It does not know who or how. It does not understand the languages in which they are written. But the child notes a definite plan in the arrangement of the books, a mysterious order which it does not comprehend, but dimly perceives.*" —Albert Einstein

The scope of our universe truly is incomprehensible. Astrophysicists and astronomers can direct their telescopes to peer 13.8 billion light-years in every direction, which puts earth inside of an observable sphere with a radius of 13.8 billion light-years. Here the word "*observable*" is key; the sphere limits what scientists can see, but not what is there. Although the sphere appears to be about 27.6 billion light-years in diameter, it is actually far larger. Astrophysicists know that the universe is expanding. While astronomers might observe a spot that lay 13.8 billion light-years from earth at the time the stars in that spot emitted the observed light, the universe has continued to expand since the light was emitted. Today, that same spot is some 46 billion light-years away, making the diameter of the known universe a sphere about 92 billion light-years in diameter, an extent so immense that although we can speak and write the number, it remains a concept our intellects cannot truly comprehend.

In an attempt to gain some slight inkling of this immensity we can consider a thought experiment. Light travels at 186,000 miles per second (300,000 kilometers per second), which seems quite fast. If you travel at the speed of light, you can circle the earth's equator 7.5 times in just one second. A light-year is the distance light travels in one year, about 5.88 trillion miles (9.5 trillion kilometers). Noticing that that the speed of light is so fast, you decide

to travel at light speed to the edge of the observable universe, just to see what's what out there. That's fine, but you better pack carefully, because to reach your destination, even at the speed of light, your journey will take over 46 billion years.

Editor's Note to clarify these numerical concepts: A million is a thousand thousands, a billion is a thousand millions, and a trillion is a thousand billions. To illustrate the steps of this progression in a clear way, 1 million seconds is about 12 days, 1 billion seconds is almost 32 years. and 1 trillion seconds amounts to 31,710 years.

Data from NASA's Hubble Space Telescope has revealed that there are hundreds of billions of galaxies in the observable universe. In early 2020, a remarkable announcement came from researchers examining data from the recent Hubble Space Telescope's eXtreme Deep Field survey and the Kepler Space Observatory. A team of top experts completed an exhaustive analysis and what they found is overwhelming. Instead of the previously estimated 200 billion galaxies in the observable universe, there are likely more than *ten trillion* galaxies (Institute for Theory and Computation, Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, Deep Field survey results, Jan 10, 2020).

To put this in some kind of perspective, if you hold a single grain of sand at arm's length against the night sky, the tiny patch of sky it hides contains more than 100,000 galaxies—not 100,000 stars, 100,000 *galaxies*. These galaxies range in size from dwarf galaxies with "just" a few billion stars to giant galaxies with 100 trillion stars.

The incomprehensible immensity of the universe inspires a deep sense of awe—and inspires as well many questions. What's really out there? Is there life anywhere else? Clearly, the number of galaxies and stars in our universe is beyond the mind of man to number or name, but what about planets? After all, we generally think of any extraterrestrial life as existing as we do, on a planet orbiting a star at a distance where life as we know it can flourish.

There are indeed planets, an astonishing number of them. As of mid-2017, NASA's Kepler Space Observatory had identified the existence of some 4496 exoplanet candidates and 3750 confirmed exoplanets, that is, planets existing outside of our solar system, orbiting other stars in our Milky Way galaxy, and that number is climbing steadily. The Kepler candidates have an 80-90% probability to be actual discoveries but have yet to be confirmed, and the

Kepler telescope's 95 million-pixel instrument has so far examined only a single area of the sky along the Orion spiral arm of our galaxy (an area by the constellations Cygnus and Lyra) containing just 145,000 main sequence stars out of the 200 to 400 billion stars in our Milky Way galaxy.

A 2018 study, published February 2nd in *The Astrophysical Journal Letters*, provides the first evidence that trillions of exoplanets exist beyond the Milky Way as well. Using data from NASA's Chandra X-ray Observatory and a planet detection technique called microlensing, scientists at the University of Oklahoma examining a distant galaxy found evidence that indicates there are approximately 2,000 extragalactic planets for every one star outside of the Milky Way galaxy. Some of these exoplanets are as (relatively) small as the moon, while others are as massive as Jupiter. "*We can estimate that the number of planets in this faraway galaxy is more than a trillion,*" says Xinyu Dai, the astronomy and astrophysics professor who led the study.

Prior to these discoveries, scientists weren't absolutely certain if solar systems like ours were everywhere. Now that the Kepler and Chandra space observatories have identified all of these planets, NASA astrophysicists say that far more will be revealed in the near future. "Before the Kepler space telescope launched, we did not know whether exoplanets were rare or common in our galaxy," said Paul Hertz, Astrophysics Director at NASA Headquarters. "Thanks to Kepler and the research community, we now know there could be more planets than stars."

"It's very exciting," said NASA's Dr. William Kinney. "It opens up the universe. Now we know that we're just one of billions and billions of small worlds that are very much like ours. If you extrapolate that to our galaxy as a whole, which more than 200 billion stars in it, the calculation based on the Kepler data is that there are around *40 billion* planets like earth."

The 40 billion planets "like earth" is the number calculated to be in our galaxy alone, and the Milky Way, as we now know, is only one of the estimated ten trillion or so galaxies in our universe. This makes a rough estimate of the number of planets in our universe that satisfy the conditions required to be "earth-like" (i.e., terrestrial or "rocky") something like this: 2,000,000,000,000 times 40,000,000,000, which equals 80 sextillion (an 8 with 22 zeros behind it) (JPL/Caltech, 2016).

To offer a frame of reference for that number, consider for a moment the

amount of sand on all of the beaches on earth put together. It has been calculated that there are roughly 5 sextillion grains of sand on all the beaches combined (that's a 5 with 21 zeroes behind it). Now picture every grain of sand on every beach on earth, keeping in mind that there are about 995,500 miles (1,602,000 km) of coastline, then *multiply that picture by sixteen*, and you may begin to get an impression of how many planets are out there.

"*To use Newton's words, our efforts up till this moment have but turned over a pebble or shell here and there on the beach, with only a hope that under one of them was the gem we were seeking. Now we have the sieve, the minds, the hands, the time and, particularly, the dedication to find those gems*; *no matter in which favorite hiding place the children of distant worlds have placed them*." —Frank Drake, Ph.D., originator of the famous Drake Equation

Pre-Enlightenment mythology asserted that the earth was the center of the universe. We now know it is not; in fact, it's difficult to imagine a more inaccurate belief. The earth orbits our sun, a star which is about 26,000 light-years from the center of our galaxy and located in one of its smaller spiral arms. The Milky Way Galaxy is thought to be 100,000 to 160,000 light-years across and about 7,000 light-years thick. Our sun and its solar system orbits the center of the Milky Way Galaxy at a speed of 483,000 miles per hour (792,000 km/hr), and takes approximately 225-250 million years to complete one journey around the galactic center. Our galaxy is also moving through space, at a speed of some 1.3 million miles per hour (2.1 million km/hr), in the direction defined by the constellations of Leo and Virgo. In four billion years, the Milky Way will collide with its nearest neighbor, the Andromeda Galaxy. The two are rushing towards each other at about 70 miles per second (112 km/sec).

Pre-Enlightenment mythology also vociferously asserted that in the entire immensity of the universe our planet was the only one with life. This belief is still held by some religious doctrines based on the same mythology. Could it possibly be true? Or could such pre-Enlightenment mythology be just as wrong about life in the cosmos as it was about the earth being the center of the universe?

"*There are so many planets in the universe that, for example, they outnumber the sum of all sounds and words ever uttered by every human who has ever lived. To declare that Earth must be the only planet with life in the universe*

would be inexcusably arrogant of us." —Neil deGrasse Tyson, Ph.D.

"*I believe alien life is quite common in the universe*." —Stephen Hawking, Ph.D.

"*I think it is the height of arrogance to believe that we are alone in the universe, my attitude is that the universe is teaming, teaming with different kinds of life forms*." —Michio Kaku, Ph.D.

"*My study of the universe leaves little doubt that life has occurred on other planets. And I doubt if the human race is the most intelligent form of life*." —Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate

The 40 billion earth-like planets in our local galaxy is an enormous number, so many to be impossible to fully grasp, but fascinating to contemplate. Our species, in our civilization, progressed from poking around in horse-and-buggy rigs to flying in heavier-than-air machines in less than 100 years. From those first aircraft to the first manned spaceflight took less than 60 years, and a mere 10 years after that Mariner 9 was successfully placed in orbit around Mars, some 140 million miles from earth. Since then, some 12 spacecraft have landed on Mars, including NASA's amazing Rovers. In 2001, a spacecraft successfully landed on an asteroid, and in 2014, after traveling for over 10 years, a spacecraft orbited then landed on a comet. In mid-2015, the New Horizons spacecraft conducted a close examination of Pluto, over 3.6 billion miles from earth. Technology, once developed, progresses with incredible speed.

"*Technology has advanced more in the last twenty years than in the previous two thousand. The exponential increase in advancement will only continue*." —Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate

It's interesting to consider what may exist out there among those 40 billion earth-like planets, and what stunning technologies may have developed. For example, we can imagine the possibility of utilizing Einstein-Rosen bridges (so-called "wormholes") as shortcuts for near instantaneous travel to other planetary systems within our galaxy, to other galaxies, or even completely across the universe, as well as advanced spacecraft propulsion technologies even now being studied, such as magnetized-beam plasma propulsion, ion propulsion, and propellantless field propulsion based on the Mach Effect (or "Mach Principle," a term coined by Einstein to describe Ernst Mach's discovery).

In April 2017, the Mach Effect propulsion concept was selected as part of NASA's Innovative Advanced Concepts program. In 2018, NASA awarded a NIAC Phase II grant to further develop the Mach Effect propellantless impulse thrusters, which offer the potential for crews to reach any moon or planet in our solar system in less than three weeks; for example, a typical one-way trip at an acceleration of 1 g from the Earth to the Moon would last only about 4 hours; to Mars, 2 to 5 days; to the asteroid belt, 5 to 6 days; and to Jupiter, 6 to 7 days. Clearly, this opens the potential for interstellar travel as well. Then too are propulsion or other technologies that will be developed hundreds of years into the future, ones that are beyond our present ability to even imagine.

"*It bears mentioning that the Milky Way is only one of hundreds of billions of galaxies so far visible to our telescopes, each with hundreds of billions of stars, and each of these has its own complement of planets,*" Seth Shostak, Ph.D., Director of the SETI Institute recently told us. "*Clearly, unless thinking beings inevitably wipe themselves out soon after developing technology, extraterrestrial intelligence could be millions or billions of years in advance of us*."

"*What does it mean for a civilization to be a million years old? We have had radio telescopes and spaceships for a few decades; our technical civilization is a few hundred years old. A civilization millions of years old is as much beyond us as we are beyond a bush baby or a macaque*." —Carl Sagan, Ph.D.

"*We might expect intelligent life and technological communities to have emerged in the universe billions of years ago. Given that human society is only a few thousand years old, and that human technological society is mere centuries old, the nature of a community with millions or even billions of years of technological and social progress cannot even be imagined. What would we make of a billion-year-old technological community*?" —Paul Davies, Ph.D., Director of the Center for Fundamental Concepts in Science, Chair of the International Academy of Astronautics

Famed British writer Arthur C. Clarke formulated three prediction-related adages, known as Clarke's three laws, the third of which is formulated as follows: "*Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic*."

An Unsuspected Antiquity

"*Everything we've been taught about the origins of civilization may be wrong. Old stories about great lost civilizations of prehistory, long dismissed as myths by archaeologists, look set to be proven true*." —D. Natawidjaja, Ph.D., Senior Geologist with the Research Centre for Geotechnology

Historians generally credit the civilizations that emerged in the Tigris-Euphrates region as among the earliest known non-nomadic agrarian societies. Because the civilizations of Sumer, Ubaid, Akkad, Assyria and Babylon all emerged around the Tigris-Euphrates, the theory that Mesopotamia may have been the cradle of civilization was once widely accepted. Current archaeological assessments hold that there was no single "cradle" of civilization, but that several civilizations developed independently, among them the Near Eastern Neolithic (Mesopotamia). Recent findings indicate that Egypt developed far earlier than the Tigris-Euphrates cultures, and rapidly flowered into a civilization specifically and uniquely its own; one of the richest and grandest, one of the most powerful and yet one of the most graceful, cultures in history. By its side Sumeria's culture was but a crude beginning, and not even Greece or Rome would surpass it, far less our own.

"*By 3000 B.C. the art of Egypt was so far advanced that it is surprising to find any scholar of early culture proposing that the crude contemporary art of the early Babylonians is the product of a civilization earlier than that of the Nile. There is but little room for doubt that Egypt led the way in the creation of the earliest known group of civilizations*." —James Henry Breasted, legendary Egyptologist

The voluminous lore of the ancient Brahmaic and Egyptian traditions relates that in the antediluvian time of *zp tpj* (generally transcribed as *Zep Tepi*), the "first occasion" or "first time," mysterious, highly enlightened "gods" appeared in Egypt, bearing previously unknown technology and knowledge. The texts inscribed on the walls of the Temple of *Edfu* in Upper Egypt contain explicit descriptions of the time of *Zep Tepi* and the coming of the "bringers of knowledge," recounting their arrival in a "cosmic egg radiating colored light," bearing the "gods" who brought the gift of civilization to Egypt, the primary of which was *Ptah*, whose rule, the texts tell us, began circa 18,000 B.C.

Plato (c. 428-348 B.C.) writes that Egyptian priests kept records of their history going back over eighteen-thousand years: "*Egypt has recorded and kept eternally the wisdom of the ancient ages . . . all coming from time immemorial when gods governed the earth in the dawn of civilization*."

Plato was very well acquainted with the Egypt of his time. One of Taylor's manuscripts contains the following remarkable paragraph: "Plato was initiated into the 'Greater Mysteries' at the age of 49. The initiation took place in one of the subterranean halls of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. The Isiac Table formed the altar, before which Plato stood and received that which was always his, but which the ceremony of the Mysteries enkindled and brought from its dormant state. With this ascent, after three days in the Great Hall, he was received by the Hierophant of the Pyramid (the Hierophant was seen only by those who had passed the three days, the three degrees, the three dimensions) and given verbally the Highest Esoteric Teachings, each accompanied with Its appropriate Symbol. After a further three months' sojourn in the halls of the Pyramid, the Initiate Plato was sent out into the world to do the work of the Great Order, as Pythagoras and Orpheus had been before him." —Thomas Taylor (1758-1835), the first to translate into English the complete works of Aristotle and of Plato, as well as the Orphic fragments.

The Greek historian Herodotus tells us that when Hecataeus of Miletus (550-476 B.C.) boasted to the Egyptian priests that he could trace his ancestry through fifteen centuries to a god, they quietly showed him, in a hidden sanctuary deep under the sands, the statutes of three-hundred-forty-five high priests, each the son of the preceding, making three-hundred-forty-five generations since their "gods" had appeared in the Nile valley, marking an historical record extending back some one-hundred-eighty centuries.

An ancient papyrus found at Luxor (*Thebes*), now known as the 'Turin Royal Canon' or the 'Turin King List,' is of special interest. The discoverer of the papyrus was likely a local resident who found it in a tomb or temple near Thebes. Bernardino Drovetti, then French Consul-General of Egypt, later acquired the papyrus, but just how is uncertain, as accounts disagree.

This ancient hieratic papyrus is considered by modern scholars to be the most extensive list ever found of Egyptian Kings as complied by the ancient Egyptian scholars themselves. The front (*recto*) side of the papyrus mentions certain domains of *Ramesses* II, suggesting that it was produced during his reign (circa 1279-1213 B.C.). The 'Royal Canon of Turin,' unlike the other

king lists of the New Kingdom, was clearly produced not for any religious or political purpose, but instead as a complete and historically accurate chronological reference guide for Egyptian historians. There is no evidence of any intentional exclusion or suppression of kings, as the contemporary and ephemeral kings are included, even the reviled foreign kings of the Second Intermediate Period. The papyrus is currently housed in the *Museo Egizio* (Egyptian Museum) at Turin, Italy. The *papyrus 1874 verso* is approximately 175 centimeters wide, and 42 centimeters tall (68 inches by 16 inches).

The list in the 'Royal Canon of Turin' formulates the basis for most of the chronology that predates the reign of *Ramesses* II. The 'Turin King List' relates that—long before the "land of the Pharaohs" was ruled by "mortals"—beings who had come from "the heavens" were the first to arrive and reign over the region of the Nile. In the papyrus, these mysterious beings are referred to as 'Gods' and 'Demigods.' The final two lines of Column One of the list, titled "*Gods of Ancient Egypt*," reads: Venerables *Shemsu-Hor*, 13,420 years; Reign before the *Shemsu-Hor*, 23,200 years. Pause a moment for amazement.

Who were these mysterious "gods"? Could the time-frames of such astonishing antiquity expressed in these ancient records, hieroglyphic temple texts and wisdom traditions be accurate?

In the Sahara Desert of southern Egypt, west of *Aswan*, is an area known as *Nabta Playa*. Here an ancient stone calendar circle, along with 25 or more other megalithic erections and structures, was identified by archaeologist Fred Wendorf and his team in 1998. An initial radiocarbon dating of extant cultural artifacts indicated a most recent habitation date of circa 10,000 B.C. According to an extensive analysis by NASA astrophysicist Thomas Brophy, Ph.D., and his team, three stones inside the *Nabta* calendar circle represent the belt of Orion, just as the three pyramids of *Giza* align to represent the constellation of Orion as it appeared circa 12,500 B.C., something we find with the great Mayan pyramids as well. The stones of the *Nabta Playa's* stone calendar circle and the corresponding stars in the sky aligned on summer solstice nights as they appeared circa 16,500 B.C. Based on these and other analyses of monoliths in the area, Brophy concludes that the early inhabitants of *Nabta Playa* possessed highly sophisticated astronomical knowledge, the type of knowledge we associate with advanced technology and civilization.

As a side note, it should be mentioned that the ancient Egyptian and ancient Mesoamerican civilizations such as the Maya were parallel in a great many ways, despite being located on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Both cultures' creation stories held that their gods came from the stars, both had advanced astronomical knowledge, both built pyramids, both used solar symbolism, both believed in life after death, preparing their dead for a journey to the afterlife via an elaborate ceremony, and so on and so on. Interestingly, ancient Egyptian symbols have been found in Mesoamerican ruins, such as the *Ankh*, the Egyptian hieroglyphic character that read as "life" and represented the concept of eternal being beyond death.

The dates of the structures at *Nabta Playa* are well in line with the dating of the oldest sections of the Great Sphinx. Geological and seismic analyses, utilizing the weathering and erosion patterns correlated with the paleoclimatology and subsurface features, establish that the earliest portions of the Great Sphinx and the walls of the Sphinx enclosure date back to the period of to 11,000 B.C., and perhaps far earlier. Clearly, the alignment of pyramids at *Giza* and the stones of the megalithic calendar circle at *Nabta Playa* indicates that the constellation of Orion—which represented the god Osiris during pre-dynastic times—was of prime importance.

How could the Ancient Egyptians have had such advanced astronomical knowledge in the very infancy of known history? Where could such advanced knowledge have come from?

The Ancient Mystery

The ancient creation stories of indigenous cultures worldwide relate that their progenitors came from the stars. Native Americans recount that their antecedents were the "Sky People," and "Star Beings." Egyptian texts speak of their "bringers of knowledge" coming from *Sahu* and *Sopdit* (Orion and Sirius). The builders of *Teotihuacan* describe their gods as having descended from the heavens. The Sumerian, the Mayan, the Incan, the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung*, and so many others, all express the same story in diverse ways in different languages—their ancestors came from the stars and fashioned human civilization. These cultures were greatly separated both geographically and chronologically, yet their creation stories are strikingly

similar. Why? What could explain this?

This book - *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* - seeks to provide answers to these questions in accounts of encounters which, insofar as extensive research indicates, have no counterpart in available world literature. The underlying concepts are present in many profound literatures, both modern and ancient, but no actual description of an encounter or conversation with a *Ri-iha-mo*, a 'mountain goddess,' as the Tibetan term translates. Such accounts may exist, but have apparently remained sealed, that is to say esoteric or arcane.

Whether or not this book succeeds in shedding light on these profound questions I will leave to the readers' able determination, yet will add that he or she may benefit from Spinoza's fine advice. "Here, doubtless, the reader will encounter many things which will bring him to a standstill, and therefore I pray him to proceed gently with me and form no judgment concerning these things until he shall have read all."

- Part II: Encounters -

Preface

The chapters you're about to read are topical with a direct focus on the encounters and conversations that my companions and I had with individuals we believe to be the "mountain goddesses" or "celestials" of *Himalayan* legend. The reasons for a book focused solely on these encounters and their relevance to the mysterious accomplishments of Ancient Egypt will soon become clear.

The events chronicled in this book occurred in a very remote part of our world. Sweeping in an immense arc across South Asia is the *Great Himalayan Range*, an uninterrupted 1,500 mile long crescent of mountains with over 110 peaks rising to elevations of 25,000 feet or more. Extending from Kashmir's 26,600 foot *Naga Parbat* through Tibet's 25,445 foot *Namcha Barwa*, the vast frozen fortress of the *Himalaya* cradles the most isolated areas of earth's landmass; yawning gorges as deep as 16,000 feet and ice peaks towering nearly six miles high shelter remote, lushly forested

valleys.

Years ago, while on an extended trek in an isolated region of the *Himalayas*, I chanced on a remarkable find. Surrounded by vast snow fields and mountains so high as to appear nearly overhead, I encountered a small village called *Siddhalaya*. In that village I had the privilege of meeting and spending time with extraordinary men and women, possessed of knowledge virtually unknown to the Western world. These events marked the beginning of a series of amazing experiences, some of which you are about to experience for yourself.

The reader is reminded that this is not a novel, it is rather based on selections from my field notes and journals—recorded over a period of sixty-two months, primarily in Nepal—as gratefully enhanced and amended by the work and recollections of my companions. It has long been my practice to keep notes and journals, composed primarily of notable experiences and their implications, whether known, inexactly known, or purely speculative. The value of this practice became abundantly clear during my time in *Siddhalaya*. The events I herein endeavor to describe I do with the greatest care, yet I realize that one must have experienced them to fully comprehend them, and that is that.

With the deepest appreciation, I wish to thank the researchers and specialists of the numerous institutes, universities, libraries, and museums who so graciously provided us with irreplaceable encouragement, support, and assistance. And I must specifically acknowledge and thank a few of the superlative minds, past and present, whose knowledge and insights contributed essential background, perspective and insights to this volume: Albert Einstein, Nobel Laureate — Max Planck, Nobel Laureate, originator of Quantum Mechanics — Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate, co-creator of the Copenhagen Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics — Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate — Richard Feynman, Nobel Laureate — Eugene Wigner, Nobel Laureate — Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate — Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Laureate — Neil deGrasse Tyson, Ph.D. — Michio Kaku, Ph.D. — Carl Sagan, Ph.D. — the legendary John Wheeler, Ph.D. — Sarah Parcak, Ph.D., Director of the Laboratory for Global Observation — and Professor Stephen Hawking, Ph.D., Director, Cambridge Centre for Theoretical Cosmology.

References Citations

From the Publisher: This volume - *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* - contains passages necessarily drawn from the full account of Hawking's experiences in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, which can be found in the book series, *In The Valley of Supreme Masters.* This volume also includes an extensive selection of additional material, and is designed to be a stand-alone exposition; i.e., familiarity with the book series is not required.

Regarding Reference Citations: For readers who find that they would like to explore the complete background of any specific experience or conversation found in this book, a reference citation to the source material is provided where appropriate. Excerpts from several of those books are provided in Part IV of this volume. The reference citations to various volumes and chapters of the book series or its companion volumes are offered not as authorities but as instances or elucidations of the material as it first appeared.

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Note: A link to a handy Reference Guide to the individuals appearing in this book can be found at appropriate points throughout the following chapters. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the various chapters of this volume are included following the guide. In each section of this book, a space between lines indicates the end of one narrative and a jump to the next.

The First Encounter

"*There are truths which are not for all men.*" —Voltaire

We begin with our first encounter. My companions that day were Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, who had become my constant companion since shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya*. These three sisters were born in *Siddhalaya* and raised in the esoteric wisdom traditions of the *Himalayan* masters and adepts. Our dear friend Mani was born in Tibet, and raised and mentored in a *B'on* monastery by an abbot of the ancient *Zhang Zhung* traditions of sorcery.

The breeze whispering through tall trees falls silent; this abrupt hush is accompanied by a strange sensation, a very gentle percussion akin to what one feels when there's a distant explosion. I wait, but there is no noise, only deep silence. Mani sits quietly with eyes closed, Shrina and Chiricu gaze about anxiously.

Now we hear sounds, like melodic laughter. Turning to look toward the upper pool, by the waterfall we see three figures, all dressed in white, one taller, two shorter. All have white-blonde hair. The small ones are children, I suppose. The taller figure kneels next to them for a moment, talking. They nod and dash off into the forest. The other figure rises, gazes after them, then turns and walks toward us.

"Stand up," Mani commands in a whisper.

As the figure approaches, her appearance telegraphs much. Perfect features, ice-blue eyes, graceful stride, and an air of divine ease. Her skin is almost pure white. The closer she gets, the more powerful her presence becomes.

Shrina's jaw drops. "*Ri-iha-mo*," she breaths softly. She and Chiricu grasp hands and kneel. (A literal translation of Shrina's phrase would be 'mountain goddess' or 'celestial goddess.')

Bowing as the divine figure arrives, Mani speaks first. "*Namas-te*."

"*Namas-te*," replies the figure. She steps closer, examining Mani.

Mani bows again. "I am honored. My name is Mani."

The figure replies, "I am called Aani." She looks at each of us in turn, then back at Mani. Aani's eyes glisten with light. She leans closer to Mani. "You are trained in the arts of *B'on* sorcery, I see. And your inward presence, it holds great ambition."

Mani bows slightly, smiles. "Yes, that is true."

Aani leans away. "Neither are traits I hold in high regard," she says evenly.

Mani's eyes widen, she backs up half a step.

Aani looks down at Shrina, at whom she stares for a moment. “You are Shrina.”

“Yes,” Shrina squeaks. “But . . . how . . .”

Aani smiles and, oddly, bows her head slightly. “And your sister, is she with you?”

Shrina nods and raises her hand, still clasped to Chiricu’s. “Yes, this is my sister, Chiricu.”

“Your sister?” Aani asks.

“Yes.”

“I mean your sister Sari.”

Shrina shakes her head. “Sari is at home.”

Aani steps back, as if to leave. This is too much to pass up. “Aani,” I say, “if I may ask, where are you and the children from?”

The tiniest of smiles makes her face even more stunning. “My home is here,” she says.

“Here? I don’t understand.”

Aani gazes at me with eyes glacier-blue, clear, pure. “I see you do not. Yet there are many who live here, those not seen.”

“In this valley?” I ask.

“This valley, the mountains that surround.”

My face apparently betrays bewilderment. Again the tiny smile. “We live here, yet our home is a different construction of reality than yours. There are many such constructions.”

“Different constructions?” I ask.

“Yes.” Aani watches me for long seconds. “You think of the things around you as straightforward realities, with an existence of their own, as if somehow separate from you. Yet the things you see, these constructions of reality, are merely your own creations, individual creations, and, like the mountains and valley, mass creations.”

“Symbols,” Shrina says, in a very small voice.

Aani approaches and strokes Shrina’s hair. “Yes dear, symbols, the meaning of which you were being correctly taught by your little sorceress here; symbols that convey meaning in your framework of consciousness.”

Shrina gasps. “You heard our conversation? You were listening?”

Aani bends to kiss Shrina’s forehead. “I was waiting. We will meet again. Tell your sister I asked of her.”

“You know Sari?” I ask.

Aani gazes at me. “You are overtly inquisitive.”

“I am curious.”

“The one grows from the other, yet you become vexing.” Aani pauses. “What is truly curious is a man from the decadent West so easily ingratiating himself to sovereigns.” Aani pauses, examining me closely. “A mortal can learn more from what he believes he does not know than from what he believes he does know. The greatest enemy of knowledge is not ignorance; it is the illusion of knowledge. Yet—and I mean no slight—but this believing that you do not know?—you must no longer make a habit of it. Leave questions to men with no imagination. Wisdom can be found in the most unexpected places; even perhaps within your own self.”

Aani backs up a step, then turns to glide toward the upper pool. She stops for a moment. The children appear from the forest. Aani takes their hands and they walk to the waterfall. Without further spectacle, they simply disappear, leaving a haze of light that slowly dissipates as we watch. As they vanished, I felt the same mild percussive sensation as before, along with a slight feeling of disorientation.

“Well,” I comment, “that was interesting. Who or what in the world was that? Shrina, what did you say? Mountain goddess?”

“Yes,” Shrina relies vaguely, staring toward the waterfall.

“What does that mean?” I ask.

Chiricu draws a deep breath. “That was incredible. I did not think they actually existed.”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“Michael,” Chiricu replies, “the mountain gods and goddesses, they are legends, stories told to children. I always thought they were mythical.”

“So what makes you think that’s what Aani is, a mountain goddess?—whatever that is.”

Shrina is electrified; she turns and takes my hands in hers. “Michael, she was real, she actually talked to me, she touched me, and she knew me! I cannot believe it.”

This rather reminds me of someone who grew-up in the Louvre getting excited about a local art show. “Shrina, calm down,” I insist. “Tell me what you know about them.”

“That I talked to one! I cannot wait to tell Sari, she will be jealous.”

“Right, okay. Chiricu what are the stories?”

Chiricu closes her eyes, thinking. “Well, that there is a race of celestial

beings that live in *Siddhalaya* valley. They come from another world. They watch over the good children, and the animals, but they cannot be seen."

"Why not?" I ask.

Chiricu frowns. "I do not know Michael, they are just children's stories, myths. Or so I thought."

I turn to Mani. "How about you, what do you know?"

"It is part of the legend of *Siddhalaya*, that divine beings live here."

"What does that mean, divine beings?"

"I am not sure, but the old books at my monastery—the ones the abbot did not like me to read—speak of the legend, a very ancient legend, that celestial beings live in the *Siddhalayan* mountains. As Chiricu said, they came from another world to live here, to be in a place of peace and beauty."

"That does sound mythical. Any idea what 'another world' means?" I ask.

The girls shake their heads.

"And the stories say they actually live in the mountains, like inside the mountains?"

Chiricu sighs. "I do not think so. I have heard Fenn and Maxi talk about stories of societies of beings living in the remote hanging valleys that lie far up the mountains, valleys inaccessible to anyone. Maxi may be able to tell you more."

A chill wind whooshes through the trees. No one speaks. We just saw and spoke to a living part of an age-old legend, and that has had quite an impact. Shrina snuggles against me, Chiricu too. Mani stares off over the pond.

Eventually Mani breaks the silence. "Well, this day suitably illustrates what we were discussing. So, before we go, I will conclude with an appropriate thought, one the abbot told me many, many times."

We look expectantly at Mani.

"You must view life as an adventure," she says, "and view opportunities and difficulties as challenges within that adventure. You must understand that you chose the adventure you are on, for your own inner reasons. It is your adventure—it belongs to you along with the freedom to create whatever you desire."

"Did we create the visit from the mountain goddess?" Shrina asks.

Mani strokes Shrina's hair. "In some sense yes, I suppose we all did, each for our own reasons."

"But how, if I have not even thought of a mountain goddess?"

Mani smiles. "Perhaps not all of your innermost desires emerge into your

thoughts quite so noticeably. You see, what you perceive as thoughts or images in your mind are symbols too. In deeper levels of your consciousness are ideas and concepts not cloaked in symbols; these remain obscure to your normal consciousness, which works only with symbolic representations."

Shrina sighs. "If I want to see her again, what should I do?"

"Formulate your desire, then let your desire become action using the techniques of power I am teaching you. Your desire must be impeccably reflected in your thoughts and inner images—that is the magic. When you do this, in the inner world your desires are wholly fulfilled, immediately and effortlessly. In what you perceive to be the outer world, time may have to pass, circumstances change, or whatever, but that desire will manifest. It is law."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 16)

Events Prior to the First Encounter

"*From the quantum perspective the universe is an extremely interactive place*." —Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Laureate

These are the events and conversations that led up to our first encounter, included here because we believe the subjects we were discussing prior to the encounter possibly had to do with it occurring. To review, my companions that day were Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, who had become my constant companion since shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya*. These three sisters were born in *Siddhalaya* and raised in the esoteric wisdom traditions of the adepts. Our dear friend Mani was born in Tibet, and raised and mentored in a *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a true master of great power, one of the very few remaining teachers of the ancient arts of *Zhang Zhung* magic, or "sorcery."

In the immense silence, the crisp air is invigorating, the view spectacular. It is wonderful to be outdoors. Something is rustling in the forest. I scan the area carefully. It's Shrina, with Mani and Chiricu behind her. Bundled up and carrying two big baskets, they giggle as they spot me.

Shrina tromps ahead. "There you are." She hugs me. "I am the one who found you," she says proudly.

Mani and Chiricu shuffle up. “It is true,” Mani says, “Shrina led us to you. I have been teaching her, as I taught you.” She smiles. “More or less.”

“That’s interesting,” I reply.

“Yes, and we are taking you to the seven pools, right now,” Shrina adds. “You have been working too much, writing in all those notebooks.”

“The seven pools?”

“Yes, it is a perfect day and we will go into the water.”

Shrina takes Chiricu’s hand and they take off up the lake. Mani walks next to me. “You’ve been teaching Shrina?” I ask.

“Yes, at the gompa. And Chiricu also.”

“Why didn’t I know about this?”

Sky blue eyes gaze at me. “There is much you do not know.”

“Yeah, I’m aware of that.”

Mani smiles. “Shrina wanted it to be a secret. She wants you to be proud of her.”

“So how is she doing?”

“Well, I cannot believe that she did not know even the most basic things. But she is a good student. I have never taught before, but I am learning as we proceed. I teach each of you much like the abbot taught me, but in a gentler manner.”

As we walk up the lake, the view is breathtaking. Against mid-morning blue, the vast massif of *Dhaulagiri* seems not quite real, the sunlight too brilliant, the shade too black, the peaks impossibly high. We walk through pines and, on the north end of the lake, cross a bridge over a shaded ice-broken black brook. Where the sun lights, boulders glisten and snow gleams. Suddenly, in a burst of white, two falcons plummet from the sun into the darkness of the forest—wings crackle, the forest whispers, ice crystals set adrift by their dive dance on the light.

Shrina, ever enthusiastic, gambols about like a bunny, bouncing excitedly, waving at the swooping falcons.

Reaching the far side of the lake, we crunch across a long stretch of ice and broken rock, a natural avalanche chute. Above, a dark river roars in its black ravine. As we reach the seven pools, I can see that the large upper pool looks dark and icy, but the second pool is free of ice. Mani, always the efficient one and generous with her extraordinary abilities, stands at the pool’s edge, eyes closed. Shrina and Chiricu spread a ground cloth and cover it in blankets. Mani returns, nods and motions toward the pool. Laughing, she

and Chiricu strip and run for the pool. “Come you two,” Chiricu calls, splashing about. “It is warm.”

Shrina is staring at the scree line on the far side of the pool. “Oh Michael, look,” she says quietly. Several rock rabbits are foraging. (Pikas, an attractive small burrowing langomorphic mammal, in the same family as hares and rabbits.)

“We must help them,” Shrina insists. “Come with me.”

As we cross the stream flowing from the pool, Shrina motions for Mani and Chiricu to be quiet. The pikas are not fooled and dash for the rocks as we approach.

Shrina examines the scene. “They are trying to reach grass under the snow. We must help.” Finding a small flat rock, she begins scraping the snow aside to reveal surprisingly green grass underneath. I locate a similar rock and assist.

This is at the same time interesting and amusing. Since Sari and I returned from the quest we undertook to retrieve ancient manuscripts from the highlands of Tibet, I have discovered much more about Shrina. During many outdoor excursions I have watched her consistently seek refuge in nature. In woods and snow fields, by glacier’s and river’s edge, she finds a happiness rivaled only by her passion for art. She is as impressionable as Wordsworth, as keen of sense as Keats, as prone as Shelley to find wonder in a pebble or a leaf. She is amazingly astute; nothing of nature’s loveliness or terror is lost on her. She is moved by the forms and sounds and textures of things; she feels the silences of the forest, the quiet falling of the night, the lazy waking of the day. Everything natural is a marvel to her—the patient flow of water, the sprouting of seeds, the endless changes of the sky, the imperturbable persistence of the stars. It is rare to find someone so remarkably apt at grasping the wonder of the world in all its detailed variety and marvelous power.

Most of all Shrina adores animals. She observes them with curiosity and sympathy, marvels at their wordless philosophy, loves their forms of strength and grace—and feels their sufferings, as she is now demonstrating. After considerable effort, she is satisfied. A large cleared area of grass now beckons; the pikas can graze like a herd of tiny cows.

Mani and Chiricu splash water in our direction and dare us to join them. Shrina hops back over the stream, throws her clothes on the blankets and plunges into the water. I watch as they laugh and splash about. What a

gorgeous scene!—bursting with life and beauty.

After considerable play, the girls have had enough. They emerge and dash for the towels. Dried and clothed, food is produced from the baskets.

Mani watches Shrina and Chiricu carefully for a moment, then stands to stare at the mountain towering above us. “I realize that I must return to the fundamental essence of what I have been teaching you, the recognition at the heart of all techniques.” Mani stops, frowns. “The more I have taught, the more concerned I have become as to how I am teaching. In a way, you have been teaching me. Each of you—Michael, Shrina, Chiricu—present a different challenge, yet I have tried to emulate, to some degree, the manner in which I was taught by the abbot. I thought that was best, but in teaching you, and in reading of Kalika’s experiences, I have learned much. My background, my upbringing . . . I was never exposed to ideas of limits, so it is easy for me to overlook the most fundamental concept of power, that which I was taught and shown virtually from infancy. Last night, I remembered something from when I was very young, something of key importance that I have not stressed enough.”

Mani sits with us on the blankets. “Starting when I was three or four, each morning the abbot would come to me, sit on the bedside, and ask what I had dreamt. I would tell him, he would prompt me to remember more, and we would talk and laugh at how strange and wonderful dreams are.”

“Mani,” I ask, “the content of your dreams was that important to the abbot?”

“Yes . . . well no, not exactly. It was not the dreams in themselves that were most important, but the experience of dreaming, the absence of boundaries and limits—the freedom. The abbot would always finish our morning talks with the same thought, the same concept. It is the essence of power.” Mani looks at us, eyes darkening.

Shrina stares impatiently. “Well?” she asks.

“The abbot stressed that the dreaming mind and the awakened mind are the same mind, merely in different states of consciousness. Neither mind is more real than the other, neither state is more real than the other. The freedom experienced in the dream state exists equally in the waking state, if awareness of that is held in mind.”

“What does that mean?” Shrina asks.

“The abbot stressed that power involves a process of imagining, like dreaming, even when awake—especially when awake—consistently

maintaining the recognition that objective, material reality is wholly as fluid and malleable as a dream, that anything is possible if your thoughts and images are properly used. This is what we call a heightened awareness, a state of enlarged consciousness and heightened awareness; if used with impeccable attention to creating with intent and purpose, it is without limits."

"The second attention," Chiricu whispers.

"Yes. The second attention is power; when you are immersed in it, everything is possible; you can perform feats that defy and break the boundaries of what is normally considered to be reality or the outer world. Sorcerers enter into this greater awareness at will, and maintain it on a higher mental level without constant direction of attention—in this way, one does not have to constantly hold the concept in mind."

Shrina motions with her hand. "Can you explain the second attention, and the others, again please."

Mani nods. "Yes. When you study the wisdom traditions, you learn that there are levels of being, so to say. They are called differently in various traditions, yet the descriptions are nearly identical. In our tradition we think of these so-called levels as what they truly are, states of awareness. They can also be thought of as states of attention since, as always, where your attention is, your awareness is. The first awareness is that of ordinary consciousness of the physical world. The second awareness represents an expanded consciousness, reaching beyond the purely physical world. The third awareness is that of even greater levels of consciousness. There are others as well. In the sorcereric tradition, we conceptualize these states of awareness not as levels, but as spheres, each one fully encompassed within the next.

"You must remember that the highest awareness is like a sphere without boundary, infinite and eternal; infinite not as an endless expanse of space, but as spacelessness; eternal not as an endless duration of time, but as timelessness. This fourth awareness represents the totality of your being—it is your true self and encompasses all other states of awareness. The first awareness—ordinary consciousness—lies within the sphere of the second, the third, and the fourth. With this conceptualization we hold sight of the fact that an individual is one with all."

Shrina looks contemplative. "And the vibration thing?" she asks.

Mani smiles. "As I have explained, the sorcereric technique of power as we are discussing it is fundamentally based on two concepts, that of vibration and the power of thought—or attention—to control vibration. All things

vibrate at a certain rate, from the very slow to the infinitely fast. The slower the vibration, the greater the illusion of solidity, the greater the illusion of separation. The higher the vibration, the closer to pure Substance, to pure energy or consciousness. Thoughts and visualization control rates and movements of vibration; it is that simple. The highest vibration of pure Substance can be lowered to produce what appears as an object, a situation or circumstance. Your vibration is so controlled as well. Let us do an exercise to increase what we shall consider to be your personal vibration. Sit next to each other, facing me."

We arrange ourselves.

Mani stares toward the cloudless sky. "Yes," she whispers, as if in answer to a question. "Now sit erect yet relaxed, hands clasped in your lap. Think for a moment of the sun above us, the great orb of flaming white energy. Close your eyes. Take a deep breath to the count of five. Now slowly relax and release the breath over a count of ten. We will repeat this seven times."

We do, and I feel great.

"You will feel very centered now, very strong. Think again of the great sun above us. Now feel your conscious awareness rising, rising upward toward the sun. Closer and closer you go. Now slowly enter the sun's aura and imagine yourself flowing into the great orb. Let its tremendous energy fill you, flow through you. See your entire being as pure white light; feel your vibration rising higher and higher; feel your strength growing ever greater.

This is a somewhat challenging visualization; I concentrate fully.

Momentarily Mani speaks, very softly. "Excellent. Now slowly return to your body. Retain the visualization of being pure white light. Visualize yourself surrounded by a sphere of brilliant white light. Hold that visualization. Always remember what I have explained, that power involves a process of imagining, like dreaming, even when you are awake, being always aware that objective, material reality is completely fluid and malleable. Anything is possible if your thoughts and images are properly used. The visualization of yourself as filled with light, and surrounded by light, should be in your awareness at all times. This will maintain your vibration in a high state; if done with impeccable attention, it has profound benefits."

Shirna sighs. "That was a little frightening, going toward the sun."

Mani hugs her. "You need never be frightened; there is no place that is not your rightful home. That was simply one visualization that I especially enjoy. There are a thousand versions. Once you have comprehended the

purpose of the visualization, you can make up your own. For now, rather than imagining yourself going into the sun, you can imagine the sun's great energy flowing down and into you. The important part is to see the light, feel the light, be filled with light, be surrounded by light."

"Does seeing light all around myself protect me against bad things or people, like a shield?" Shrina asks.

"No, not exactly. The result may be to protect you, but in a different and more fundamental way. When you hold a high vibration, it has a direct influence on the vibration of everything around you. Your higher vibration, if powerful, raises the vibration of those around you; the higher their vibration, the closer they are to oneness. The closer they are to the state of realizing the oneness of all, the more they will manifest empathy, understanding and cooperation. There are varying degrees of this recognition—also called enlightenment—yet someone having even a partial recognition is highly unlikely to inflict actual harm on another."

"So light raises all vibration?" I ask. "Karpa told me that light is how our awareness apprehends energies of a higher vibration. So this energy, when visualized, really raises one's own vibration?"

Mani frowns. "Yes, but it is important to understand that what I am teaching you is a concept, it is only our way of looking at the world. It is an interpretation—developed over thousands of years—that allows us to manifest the power to manipulate physical reality. I do not know what your question of 'really?' means. I do not know if these concepts are anything more than ideas, I do not know if they correspond to anything greater. I do not think that anyone can say. Our wisdom traditions do not demand that our concepts correspond to the real, because we do not speculate on what that is. Reality is not something you can measure or comprehend with the mind, if it even exists. All we are concerned with is that our ideas and the techniques based on our concepts allow us to manifest power in the world around us."

"Mani," I reply, "in physics, the concept of vibration is a key features of what's called string theory. It's complicated, but the theory holds that everything is composed of tiny vibrating strings; the rate of a string's vibration determines its appearance as a particular type of particle. If string theory or something like it is eventually proven, then, in a vital way, your concept of vibration is quite accurate. That, I suppose, could be why your methods work."

Mani stares at me for a moment, then glances at Sari and Chiricu.

“Michael, my position with you imposes upon me certain responsibilities—one of which requires I must thorough and truthful. About these techniques of power, I believe that it is worse than meaningless to discuss the ultimate reality of any concept or method; the only meaningful thing you can discuss is its usefulness.”

“Worse than meaningless? Why?”

“When a technique is successful, there are those who tend to attribute to it, and to the elements and concepts that constitute it, the quality of reality or absolute truth. The abbot always stressed that such tendencies are an unnecessary burden.”

“I don’t follow.”

“Because it is mythical; because it is self-creating and so becomes self-fulfilling. Our minds interpret the input from our senses by making models of the outside world. We form mental concepts of our home, our mountains, trees, valleys, rivers and lakes, other people, and all else. The objects of physical reality are merely symbols, and the mental concepts the only thing we can directly know. There is no independent test of ultimate reality. Thoughts and images form the relative reality we experience, so it follows that a symbol or model widely believed in creates a reality of its own.”

Shrina is fidgeting. “I do not understand.”

Mani picks up one of my ever present notebooks and opens it at random. “Shrina, look at this.” Shrina stares. “Does this page contain information?” Mani asks.

She nods. “Yes, the things Michael is always writing; important things, I think.”

“And what is the important information on this page?” Mani presses.

“I do not know,” Shrina says quietly.

“Do you see any information on this page?”

Shrina shakes her head. “I see words, just words.”

“Exactly. You do not see information because there is no information. The writing is not in itself information, it simply transmits information.”

“But,” Chiricu objects, “is that not the same thing? We learn from the information in books all the time. If the information is not on the pages, where is it?”

Mani smiles. “That is the point. The information exists in consciousness, in our minds, not on the pages. When we talk, our words convey thoughts and feelings, but those words are not the same as the thoughts and feelings, are

they? We agree on the meaning of the words so they become transmitters of information; the words are not themselves information. The letters on the page make up words, but those letters and words are nothing but symbols. This page is paper and pencil marks. If you burn it, does it destroy information? Does it destroy meaning? No, it only destroys symbols."

Shrina nods. "I see. But what does that mean?"

"In just the same way, the objects around us are only symbols that transmit meaning. The meaning is not in the objects we create any more than information is in letters or words. We create objects just as we create words, to express something, some meaning or knowledge. This constant creation of physical reality through thoughts and mental images is what we do, all of us. It is the realization that we are doing it and the attainment of the ability to do it with knowing purpose and intent that provides actual power and freedom. This is how our tradition views the true nature of physical objects, and this is why we can manipulate physical reality through our techniques."

"This is done in the second attention?" Chiricu asks.

"Yes. In the first attention—the normal awareness of little more than the appearance of the physical world around us—the only manipulation available is through direct physical action in direct physical contact. In the second attention, we can manipulate the physical world with no physical action—time and distance are not relevant."

"Mani," I interrupt, "when we were at the Oracle Temple, Lemia (an adept or master, and Sari's mentor), in an interesting manner, made it clear to Sari that she disapproved of her helping you manifest food. When I asked why, Sari explained that Lemia taught her that that such powers, the *siddhi*, should only be used when there is no other reasonable manner in which to act to solve an important problem."

"Yes," Mani relies softly, "we have talked of that."

"The point apparently is—Lemia's point is—that everything that happens or appears in our lives is created by our own thoughts and images and through our karma, the consequences of our past thoughts and actions. Sari explained that, as a result, the problems and challenges we encounter are of great value and should be faced and solved by the most appropriate means available. Since we are expressed in a physical form, the physical is our gift—and our challenge—so the most appropriate means is to address things on the physical level through thought and action in the physical, not by use of *siddhi*. Do you agree?"

“Masteress Lemia is a great adept; I cannot question her wisdom or the wisdom of her traditions or teachings.”

“So you disagree,” I say.

Mani opens her mouth to answer, then stops to look around. “Something is happening,” she whispers, “everyone be still.”

And at this point, Aani and her little companions appear...

Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite,* ch. 16. And see, *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the ‘Four Portals’,* ch. 12.

Editor’s Note: Michael’s experiences with Mani were wide-ranging and extraordinarily revealing. We have devoted an entire book to Mani, which discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani’s demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that allowed her to attain such extraordinary abilities. *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the ‘Four Portals’*, ASIN B01ICAW6JM. Excerpts from this book are included in the Anthology Section later in this volume.

Investigations and Insights

Some months before our first encounter with the *Ri-iha-mo* Aani, Sari brought up an encounter of her own, one that occurred in her childhood.

Our trail takes us north, up the wide river chasm. Shortly we pass a rugged side canyon. I endeavor to catch up with Sari, who hikes very gracefully with deceptive speed. “Sari, do you see Master Amrita often?”

“Yes. Each year I see him many times. He is here almost as often as Master R.K. Since Master R.K. assists the lamas in their work, he is here most.”

“Are there many others; masters I mean?”

“Oh yes. Over the years I have seen probably twenty or so in the valley. But they are not always seen in the village. It is said that they have a retreat nearby, and appear in the gompa. Even when Amrita or R.K. are here, they do not always appear to the people. But I can tell when either of them are nearby.”

This is intriguing. “How can you tell?”

“I just feel their presence. Lemia (an adept and Sari’s mentor) says that I feel their love, and that each one has a love that feels different. I can feel her love too, very strongly.”

“Are there any other female masters or adepts?”

“Mmmhmm. I have seen many that were adepts, or very special.”

“Really? Many? Good grief Sari, you never mentioned that before. Tell me.”

“Well, the most marvelous I have seen was long ago, when I was a child. I was in the woods on the other side of the lake, and there, by the seven pools below the high waterfall, I saw two women come out of the forest. I had never seen them before, but I knew they were very special. I could tell by what I felt, and by their beauty. They had the fairest skin I have ever seen, and the fairest white-blonde hair. They walked out on the water and held hands. They stood there, slowly sinking into the water. After a moment they popped up and splashed around like children. In a while they swam to the edge of the pool and came out near where I was standing. They looked at me and smiled. One came to me. She bowed her head, then gently put her hands on my cheeks and leaned down to kiss my forehead. I felt wonderful, light and joyful. She whispered something in a language I did not understand. Then she joined the other; they walked toward the waterfall and just disappeared. I have never seen them since.”

“Incredible. Do you know who they were?”

“No, but I think I know what they were. And I have seen others like them again, just once, a man and a woman, both with the fairest skin and hair, and eyes of crystal blue. I have never spoken to any of the fair ones. They are so very different, and we are told not to bother them. But there are others I have met and have spoken to, adepts that are people.”

“Met? Sari, what about them?”

“Lemia has introduced me to two. One is Shammara; she is tall, with deep violet eyes and long hair the color that polished gold looks when the sun shines on it. Shamma’ is a guardian and very powerful. The other is Alsia; she is shorter, with long black hair and dark blue eyes.”

“Have you seen them since; Alsia and Shamma’?”

“Yes, I have talked to them many times. They teach me things, and we talk of life and nature and beauty.” Sari glances shyly towards me. “And of love.”

Now, surprisingly, a light rain begins to fall. Several great lammergeiers

wheel their nine-foot wingspans though the shifting sky above us. The gold-headed birds float and turn, slowly disappearing down the ravine. At mid-morning, as the ridge to our west dips, we reach the point where we must climb and hike for some miles northwest along the ridge top. Sari is a tireless hiker, over rocks, gravel, water, scree; whatever need be overcome, like this low but steep ridge, which we crest with relative ease.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, ch. 20)

When I later spoke to Sari about the encounter that Shrina, Chiricu and I had with Aani, I suggested—based on Aani's striking appearance, the location of our encounter, and the fact that she asked after Sari—that she may well be the same fair-haired 'mountain goddess' that Sari encountered by the seven pools when she was a young girl. Sari gave it some thought, but had little to say on the subject. She did mention that Lemia (a Masteress and Sari's mentor) once told her that the mountain gods and goddesses are "*not of our world*" and, if chanced upon, must be left alone and not bothered in any manner. And so, yet another mystery grows.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 16)

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I later had an opportunity to discuss our first encounter with Master Amrita. Usually helpful and candid, he was clearly reticent to speak about the 'mountain gods and goddesses.' He did offer this: "To say your encounter was rare would be to utterly understate the matter."

Seeing this line of inquiry thwarted, I inquired about Aani's mention of "a different construction of reality." Amrita answered: "A construction of reality simply means the way you organize what you choose to perceive as the reality around you. You create your existence and its physical setting—you then structure all of it with as much or as little organization as you find necessary at any point. The organization has an essential purpose; to provide for all who share a common reality a consistency and persistence of the physical world, two very necessary elements. The consistency of perceived reality is a result of several factors. Firstly, that everyone sharing a specific construction of reality agrees on the meanings and resultant symbols that are

mutually constructed. I should add that this works because you choose to perceive all the similarities that connect you, and at the same time ignore all the dissimilarities. Out of a vast field of available perceptions—and I cannot emphasize enough how vast that field is—you focus upon very narrow, very specific areas of agreement and ignore all others; this creates a commonality of perceived physical reality. The persistence arises as well from a mutually shared agreement, yet is more fluid and subject to change. Your shared reality is a construction in constant creation; shifts in the meanings and symbols drawn from the vast field of available perceptions are necessary and inevitable. Without such shifts, the world would seem static."

"Okay, but to get back on point; can, let's say . . . a different group of people, can they occupy the same space as we do, but be imperceptible to us?"

"Since you have a fixed idea of space and what occupies it, this becomes difficult to explain. However, many constructions of reality quite different from your own can exist in what you think of as the same space, yet go unperceived, simply because you choose to ignore perceptions that do not fit within the framework of your particular ideas of physical reality. Even so, portions of other constructions are occasionally glimpsed, especially in altered states of consciousness—like the edges of sleep or deep meditation—yet are disregarded because they do not conform to anything with which you are familiar or, most importantly, willing to accept. But do be aware that your consciousness can encompass all available constructions, if allowed to. It helps to understand that when you perceive other realities, you actually perceive a greater extent of your own consciousness. There is nothing apart from you."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 15)

The Celestials in Ancient Literature

To preface the following events: In a truly remarkable experience, Sari, Shrina and I had been transported to a unique location high on an enormous peak towering over the valley of *Siddhalaya*. In a hidden maze of chambers deep inside the mountain, we viewed a number of thoroughly astonishing things. Included among them was a set of double doors inlaid with symbols

that turned out to have profound meaning, and perhaps related to the "celestial's" history and our encounter with Aani. The following events occurred after our return from the mysterious chambers inside the mountain. (A complete account of this experience can be explored in the book: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite.*)

Finally back in our home, wonderful aromas greet us. Mani looks curiously from the kitchen. Shrina throws off her coat, looks over at Mani, runs to hug her, then disappears into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Sari falls back on the couch looking bewildered. "I have no idea of what that was all about with Shrina, and I have no idea of what to say to her, or what to ask her."

"That's how I feel most of the time," I reply. "Clearly what we saw had a profound emotional impact on her. I may have some thoughts on the subject."

"Good, because she's terribly upset and eventually someone is going to have to talk to her," Sari observes.

"No doubt," I reply, while rummaging my desk drawers for a large drawing pad. I am determined to record, in some coherent fashion, what we experienced. The difficulty is that what we experienced is fundamentally incomprehensible—again. I recall that there was a time, not so long ago, little more than a year, when my life was structured, rational, understandable, even reasonable. Now I find myself torn as if between two worlds: my old world—which I considered to be real—and this world. And this world is one that my mind screams—pleads?—cannot possibly be real. And yet, here I am, right in the middle of it.

The symbols on the doors keep coming to mind. My first task should be to recall and draw them, as accurately as possible.

Mani calls from the kitchen. "Wherever you went, I should have been with you. And with Michael."

"It was not my choice that you could not come," Sari replies. "And we are fine . . . I think."

Mani prepares plates, takes one to Sari, brings one to me, then sits on the sofa. "So, where did you go?"

Sari proceeds, in a quiet voice, to relate the events of the evening.

The dinner is great, but I can't fully concentrate on enjoying it. With several crumpled sheets on the floor, and after a good deal of erasing, I have a reasonably good representation of the symbols.

"Okay, the top symbol on the doors is familiar. I sketched all of them as

best I could remember. Now we need books that contain material on ancient symbols. Mani, what do we have here, anything?" Mani looks to be adrift in thought. "Mani?"

She looks up. "Oh, I am not sure. Lama Dhanaga lent me so many books, I have not looked at them all." Mani hunts through the piles of books under our work table. "Here is one." She drops it on the table and examines the contents. "It holds both the *Kalachakra Laghutantra* and the earlier *Kalachakra Mulatantra*. That is very old, very rare. Even the abbot did not have such a text. And here is one on *B'on* and Tibetan history." She pages through the book.

Author's Note: The *Kalachakra Laghutantra* is thought to have been composed circa 500 B.C., and the *Kalachakra Mulatantra* composed circa 900 B.C.

"Are there illustrations?" I ask.

"Yes, many."

I join Mani as she flips pages. "There are many drawings of gods, elementals, daemons, guardian deities and spirits. And various drawings of time-wheels. Look, here is a drawing of Buddha *Tonpa Shenrab Miwoche*." Mani pauses to bow her head and make a gesture with her hands. "He was a Buddha much before *Gautama* Buddha. The abbot says he lived eighteen-thousand years ago."

"That goes back," I observe. "He must be one of the earliest historical Buddhas. He sure is colorful."

"Yes," Mani replies, turning pages. "Here is a section with many symbols."

I stop Mani's hand and point. "Look at that. Sari, come here please." Sari's enjoying her food with half-closed eyes. She reluctantly gets up to look. "What do you think?" I ask.

"Well, it looks much the same as the top part of the symbol on the doors. What is it?"

Mani flips pages to the notations. She frowns. "That symbol represents 'The Pure Land.' It is the ancient Tibetan Buddhist symbol for a special part of the land of *Tagzig*."

"What is that?" Sari asks.

"*Tagzig* was the land where Lord Shenrab lived, in the city of *Olmo Lung Ring*."

"*Olmo Lung Ring*?" Sari repeats softly. "I have heard of that."

"In the *B'on* traditions," Mani relates, "it is a place of pure peace and joy, a realm believed to be perfected and timeless."

A shiver runs through me. "Wow. *Tagzig Olmo Lung Ring*."

Sari puts her hand on mine. "What sweetie?"

"Long story. Many scholars believe that *Olmolungring* is the historical precursor of a fabled land described in the oldest Sanskrit texts in much the same way—a hidden kingdom of incredible beauty, a place of ultimate tranquility and happiness. The ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* treaties regarding *Olmolungring* are thought to be the earliest extant references, but the same sort of mythical realm is represented in many diverse ancient traditions, under different names. It's in ancient Hindu texts related to the *Kalki* mythology, for one, and the *Puranas*, and it's extensively discussed in *Kalachakra*. I would think that the older the version, the more original."

Sari taps the symbol on the page. "Our gate did not open onto some beautiful hidden kingdom. Why would this symbol be on the doors?"

"Good question. To start with, this symbol and the symbol on the doors are not identical. The one on the doors has more to it, the whole bottom part. But the top part . . . based on this, the top part apparently represents the mythical realm of *Olmolungring*. The bottom part must have a relationship to *Olmolungring*, the realm, the city, or the people. To be consistent with the customary construction of ancient symbols, the upper part would be the heading or introduction, the lower part the narrative or dedication. So, one guess would be that it means the gate and interior chambers were built or maintained by the inhabitants of *Olmolungring*, or some version of it."

Mani is staring at my drawings. "Michael, that is very good. The original *B'on* stories of *Olmolungring* were in two decrepit old esoteric texts I was made to read when very young."

"You've read the originals?" I ask.

"Yes, but at first I was not interested. Then, after the abbot told me tales of *B'on* seekers who set out to find the hidden land, I became fascinated."

"Why?" I ask.

"The abbot said that the truly deserving among those who made the pilgrimage never returned; they passed through into the hidden kingdom. As a child, I found that mysterious and captivating."

"He actually said 'the hidden kingdom?'" I ask.

Mani sits next to me. "Yes, as I remember it, those were his words."

Sari yawns, excuses herself and flops back on the sofa.

"Those texts," I ask Mani, "what do they say?"

"They relate the earliest portion of the arcane legend, the one I told you about the day you saved me from being sent away."

"Mani . . . alright, just tell me about the texts."

"In the beginning of this world, *Olmolungring* was the place to which the celestial beings of the Clear Light descended from the heavens. They ensouled themselves in physical bodies and created the sacred hidden realm. They brought with them the highest mystical knowledge of all the worlds, so *Olmolungring* is not only a place of peace and bliss, it is the sanctuary of all wisdom, the true center of the spiritual world."

"The excerpts I've read were not quite that specific."

"Outward versions of the texts are incomplete," Mani explains. "The true original versions of those texts are esoteric and hidden."

"Do the texts say more about the celestials?"

Mani squints and closes her eyes. "I do not really remember. I was so young and the books were long and hard to understand. I did not read all of what they told; the books were falling apart, pages crumbling. Some of the passages were illegible."

"What do you remember?" I ask.

"About the celestial beings?"

"Yes."

"Well, the legends say that the knowledge they brought serves all humanity. And that they maintain an ongoing transmission of knowledge from their heavenly world to this world. In this way, *Olmolungring* remains a realm which links different planes and dimensions of existence; our world and the celestial heaven world." Mani pauses to think. "Over the eons, the descendants of the celestial beings came to comprise several royal races—it is said that the Buddha *Shenrab Miwoche* came from one of those royal lines, just one-hundred-eighty centuries ago. You see, the sacred land of *Olmolungring* is imperishable—the race of celestial beings live there to this day. It is prophesied that from those lines will come other, future Buddhas. That is the great expectation."

"To this day . . . amazing." Mani and I stare at each other; her eyes are bright with ideas. The next question is obvious. "Alright, many modern scholars maintain that *Olmolungring* is celestial pure land, like *Sukhavati* or *Dewachan*, the symbolic equivalent of the attainment of enlightenment. Put

another way, it's a place that exists only in a spiritual or psychical sense and does not actually exist in any physical sense. Do you remember what your esoteric texts say about that?"

"Yes, of course. *Olmolungring* has a dual nature, composed of both a heavenly nature and a physical nature. It is a pure land, a pure dimension of existence, so one must attain a significant degree of awareness to perceive the realm and its inhabitants—it is largely invisible to ordinary people. Yet, it definitely exists physically. That inspired me to work very hard in my studies."

"Really?"

Mani looks down blushing and picks at the food left on her plate. "Yes. I wanted to be able to visit *Olmolungring*. I was young and had become so intrigued by the stories and the mysteries. I even found reference to a book said to contain an account of the way to *Olmolungring*. The abbot realized what I was planning and forbid me from further investigation." Mani giggles. "He thought it was silly and interfering with my studies. Much later, when he thought that I had forgotten all about it, I searched the underground library for the book, found it and secreted it in my room."

"Oh my god. What is it? What does it say?"

"It is a treatise composed by an early Tibetan Buddhist, the Third Panchen Lama. It is titled in Tibetan, '*Shambhala I lam-yig*'. I believe it is the text *B'on* aspirants used to guide them on their pilgrimages."

"And?" I inquire.

Mani shrugs. "I never figured it out. The geographical references were unknown to me. I looked on maps the abbot kept, but none of the names appeared anywhere. I realized that the lama would have used names from his time, almost five centuries ago, or even names given him by the Buddha, so thousands of years old. I began to research, but it was very difficult. The abbot realized what I was doing and took the book. It was my fault; I asked him for maps that showed the world in the time of the historical Buddha."

Sari mumbles something from the couch. I look over as she sits up. "That is all very interesting but I am exhausted. I am going to bed. Michael?"

"Sure, in minute," I reply. "Don't forget that Shrina is in the bedroom. You want me to kick her out?"

"No, I will move her over. I just hope she does not want to talk."

Now the bedroom door cracks open. Shrina peeks out. "Sari?" she whispers.

Sari turns to look. “Yes?”

Shrina shuffles out in a short nightgown embroidered with playful kittens, clutching a well-worn teddy bear missing one ear, wearing oversized bunny slippers whose long floppy ears drag on the floor, all of which somehow reveals, rather than conceals, her marvelous beauty and appeal. She sniffles and wipes her nose on the bear’s remaining ear.

“Well?” Sari asks softly.

“I had a bad dream.”

Sari sighs, treads to the bedroom door, leads Shrina in and closes the door.

Mani gazes at me. I know I see what is behind those excited blue eyes. “Mani, I may be overtired, or just crazy, or maybe we’re overreaching, but are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

Mani nods and grabs both my hands. “*Olmolungring*. The mountain gods and goddesses, descendants of the celestials! Aani? Aani and the children? Michael, could it really be?”

A shiver goes through me. “Wow, maybe, I don’t know. It pretty much squares with what we know about them, as little as that is. Anyway, it’s a riveting speculation. The *Kalachakra* texts might tell us more. Let’s look tomorrow.”

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 20)

Second Encounter with *Aani*

“In our universe we are tuned into the frequency that corresponds to physical reality. But there are an infinite number of parallel realities coexisting with us in the same room, although we cannot tune into them.” —Steven Weinberg, Nobel Laureate, Recipient of the National Medal of Science

Visiting the seven pools of which we are so fond, Mani, Sari and I stop to gaze over the upper crystal pool at the waterfall. As the clouds drift south, the last rays of sun fire the summits far above. In low grottoes of bronze-lichened boulders, the sun lights banks of ferns. Where the waterfall tumbles into the pool, sparkling droplets leap into the air, as if reaching for the setting sun.

Mani goes to sit by the waterfall. Sari snuggles against me. “I so love this

place. Thank you for bringing us today."

"I love it too. In all of this valley, I think it's my favorite, there's a certain magic here."

Suddenly I have a strange perception of silence. The birds, the breeze, even the sound of the waterfall seem muted. I have that odd sensation of a gentle percussion, felt not heard.

Mani leaps to her feet. "Sari, it is her, she is here."

Sari tightens her arms around me. "Look Michael."

By the waterfall, in a mist of light, stands a figure I take to be Aani. Ignoring Mani, she glides toward us, not floating exactly, but walking as if gliding—an apex of elegance. She gazes at us, then bows her head toward Sari. "There you are my dear." Aani gently strokes Sari's cheek. "It is wonderful to see how well you are doing. All the right things."

"Aani?" Sari asks.

"I am." She leans to kiss the top of Sari's head, then steps back as if to leave.

"Wait. May we talk with you?" Sari says.

Aani gazes at us. "Why?"

"I want to know more about you." Sari looks down. "And why it is that you know me."

Aani turns to look back at the waterfall, as if wanting to go. "I understand," she says, "yet it is not something customarily done."

"Please," Sari says in a small voice.

Aani turns to us. "Sari, given your station, I will honor your request. Yet some things cannot be spoken of. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Aani," I ask quickly, "is this *Olmolungring*? I mean, is it somehow in this valley, or these mountains?"

Her eyes narrow. "So inquisitive are you, once again."

"I would like to know too," Sari says.

Aani gives us that tiny smile that is so enchanting. "Your curiosity is reasonable. *Olmolungring* is, on higher levels, everywhere. But no, this valley is not, in your terms, the original *Olmolungring*. Why do you ask such a thing?"

"Shrina believes you are *Ri-iha-mo*, a mountain goddess," Sari replies. "Legends relate that the mountain gods and goddesses are descendants of the celestials that originally came to, or created, *Olmolungring*, and where they

live to this day."

"I am aware of the legends."

"Are they true?" I ask.

"Legends are neither entirely true nor entirely untrue, they live in a world beyond the relative. The truth in any legend cannot be directly communicated in words; it ceases to inspire when it learns to speak."

Sari looks thoughtful. "So all the legends are only that? Stories that come down through time with no reality to them?"

"My dear, legends are less linear than recursive. Legends become confining when their stories mistake the symbolic system in which they operate for the broader reality of which they are a part. Imagine for a moment . . . imagine how the young scholars in Byzantium felt when the church elders and counsels spent a great deal of time debating how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. Do you see? When legends become too self-referential and cut off from reality, they run the risk of becoming irrelevant. Such facts as enter into them assume an air of strange unreality."

"But you are real," Sari asserts.

"I am indeed," Aani says. "And I am not a legend."

I don't know what to say, and Sari looks pensive.

"Do not dwell on the legends," Aani says softly. "Those that do become myopic. It is as if a person, always shut in a tower with one window through which the earth and sky can be seen, believes that all the wonderful things she sees belong to that window."

"Aani," I ask, "are you a celestial? That is to say descended from beings that came from somewhere beyond this planet?"

"You ask that from the realm of the relative. Life is consciousness and there is consciousness everywhere, that is an absolute. Pure consciousness has complete interdimensional freedom; it can travel freely in what you perceive as the dimensions of time and space, as well as the higher dimensions that exist beyond your concepts of time and space."

"So yes?" I say.

Aani gazes at me with intense glacial-blue eyes. "I answered your inquiry, if you listened closely."

"Okay, and so how did you choose to come here, to this planet?"

"Are you so certain you truly wish to know?"

"Yes."

Aani smiles. "You will find it incomprehensible."

“Maybe, but I am deeply curious.”

Aani looks up to the sky. “In your terms of time, it was long, long ago. There were those who looked back through time to observe new planetary formations in this part of your galaxy, a desirable sector at a secure distance from the central dark zone. For good reason, they watched this system form with great interest. Your sun matured with a vast accretion disc surrounding an increasingly stable star. In time, planets begin to form out of the matter of the disc. Eventually this planet came into existence. As it cooled it created an atmosphere; it was then observed that this planet had rare and ideal characteristics, well within the habitable zone with a strong magnetic field and abundant water. And then, as always, Infinite Consciousness began to create ever higher expressions of Itself.”

“You mean life?” I ask.

“As you think of it, yes, it began to arise in every niche. Yet all has life, all is an expression of Infinite Consciousness.”

“What do you mean by a central dark zone?” I ask.

“At the center of each galaxy exists a dark zone where the curvature of all physical dimensions of space-time become infinite. The dark zone is inescapable and, for our species, the area surrounding it is unacceptably chaotic.”

“You mean a black hole,” I suggest.

Aani nods. “That is your term for a dark zone.”

Sari looks impatient. “Aani, how is it that you know me?”

“By virtue of our intimate connection with the People of the One, of course. That connection remains and always will.”

“You come from the People of the One?” Sari asks.

Aani gazes at Sari for a few uncomfortable moments. “I am unable to impart to you all I know, owing to certain restrictions and pledges. I may however express a few truths, after long millenniums of the most intense secrecy.” Aani takes Sari’s hand. “From my kind came the primal, preternatural revelations granted to the mothers and fathers of the human race. And from those races arose those you know of as the People of the One.”

“So the life on this planet really did come from elsewhere in the Universe,” I comment.

“In the relative sense of your question yes, and in a larger sense no,” Aani says firmly. “The creator, the creating, and the creation are One. All things,

all forms of life everywhere, are One. Every form was once another form, and is distinguished from it only in the prejudice of your perception and the superficial separateness of space and time."

"Aani," I ask, "can you tell us about where you live, in the sense of an alternate construction of reality?"

"What do you wish to know?"

"Master Amitra told me that many constructions of reality can exist in the same space, yet go unperceived. He also said that portions of other constructions can be glimpsed in altered states of consciousness, like sleep."

Aani nods. "He is correct. During certain stages in sleep you transcend the neurological structures of your mind and perceive experiences of a multidimensional nature. You then translate, as best you can, those perceptions into stimuli that can be comprehended. You convert those perceptions into symbolic images that can be understood, and to some extent reacted to, by your physical structure."

"Is it possible to perceive your reality in our waking state?" I ask.

Aani nods again. "You rule your experiences from the focal point of your present. This is where your beliefs directly intersect with the physical world and the higher worlds from which you draw your energy. This applies to individuals, and also to societies. In a daily practical way, I suggest that you concentrate upon seemingly subordinate abilities and perceptions, ones that you think of as latent based upon your dream experiences. If you do so consistently, using your imagination and will, then those abilities will become more prominent in your present. Your restructured beliefs can reprogram and alter your ability to perceive alternate constructions of realities. It is not simply that unconsciously perceived events will be put together in a new way, but that your response to seemingly new events will change. Your desire or belief will literally be reaching into other dimensions."

"Would it be possible for us to visit you in your reality?" Sari asks.

Aani smiles. "It is a possibility."

"How do we do that?" Sari asks. "What do we do to proceed?"

"You do not have to my dear, it is reserved for your future. You see, your power in the present provides you with opportunities for ever greater creativity and perception. As you continue to learn, you will inevitably begin to appreciate the multidimensional nature of not only our species but of your own species as well. The present moment as you think of it is the creative

framework through which your interdimensional self constantly forms the reality you experience. In purely physical terms, what you think of as your own self arises from a certain peak of intensity reached by the interdimensional aspects of your consciousness. The particular physically oriented self that you know has its reality in that context, but even in physical terms its reality is more than an analysis of its entirety would show."

"I wish we could visit now," Sari says softly.

Aani reaches out to embrace Sari. "I will see that you visit on some special night, very briefly."

Sari gasps. "You will take me at night?"

"You will visit while you sleep. But you must understand that your dream images become transformed by the symbols you choose to utilize in translating them. The experiences behind them bring you in contact with the deepest portions of your interdimensional reality, and it is your unconscious that translates these into recognizable images and forms. In the same way your unconscious also transforms for you, from an otherwise undifferentiated maze of possible realities into fields of activation, then into recognizable objects and events in your daily life. You are now based in your physical self, graced to perceive through your body a unique living experience."

Aani looks at me. "So when I mention techniques that will allow you to perceive other fields of reality beside your own, I want you to realize that these should be used to enhance your enjoyment of the physical, and to enrich your sensual as well as spiritual expression. In the brilliance of your physical being, both are entwined."

"I am so excited," Sari says.

Aani kisses her forehead. "Both of you remember, you must seek to understand the true extent of your present reality. You must attain an elevation from which you may see clearly in every direction. Out of that understanding you will build knowledge; out of knowledge you build power; out of power you build trust; and out of trust you may build ever greater love."

"Aani," I ask, "what techniques can be used to perceive these other interdimensional fields of reality, to attain such an elevation?"

Aani takes a slow, deep breath. "It is not our tradition to suggest such things."

Sari takes Aani's hand, bends and kisses it softly. "Please, I ask that you tell us what you can."

“That is your desire?” Aani asks.

“Yes.”

Aani sighs. “You are a dear person with a true heart and a profound position.” She looks up to gaze at the sky. After a few moments, she nods but says nothing.

Sari looks concerned. “Aani?”

Aani looks back to us. “I shall give you and Michael a special practice. You must accept this without question and work with it every day of your life. Do you agree?”

Sari and I say “yes” at the same time.

Aani smiles. “I see.” She holds Sari’s hand and takes mine to hold as well, then closes her eyes. After several seconds she turns to Mani. “Sorceress,” she says firmly.

Mani, standing some distance away, looks startled. “Yes?”

“You will record in writing what I say, without error. Each step of this visualization is important and must be closely studied. Do you understand?”

Mani nods and quickly rummages in my daypack for a notebook.

Editor’s Note: The visualization practice provided by Aani is lengthy and somewhat complex. For clarity and ease of study, the process is included in a separate chapter later in this book: ‘Visualization Practice.’

Aani concludes her explanation and stares at Mani, who finishes writing then looks up. “It is done.”

“You found this practice familiar, did you not?” asks Aani.

Mani looks surprised. “Yes, actually I did.”

“Of course.” Aani pauses, gazing at Mani with a serious expression. “The knowledge you possess is deeply profound. It arose from revelations we granted certain members of the originators of the human race, for important reasons. From those workers of the light, through long ages, it was passed down to those you call the People of the One. From those honored ones it was shared with a very select group, those who carefully preserved the esoteric knowledge you have been taught. Through those ages the existence of such arcane knowledge became so singular that those who possess it and the power it conveys became known as practitioners of so-called magic, or having the power of a god or goddess, words used by common people for abilities they do not understand. It is a rare gift that you have received, little sorceress. Almost a pity, yet it was ordained to be so. At this time, in the

world beyond this valley, that knowledge is present in very few others. So being, you bear a great responsibility to use your sorceric powers wisely; that is to say constructively and with wisdom."

Mani bows. "Yes *Ri-iha-mo*, I will."

"See that you do young lady," Aani says with her charming smile. "Now I shall go."

Sari and Aani embrace for a moment. Now Aani glides toward the waterfall, to disappear in a vague haze of light.

Our Third Encounter

"*Sometimes, even in the habitual course of life, the illusions of this world disappear all at once, and we feel of its greater reality as we would at a ball, where if we did not hear the music, the dancing that we saw there would appear insane*." —Germaine de Staël, *De l'Allemagne* (1813)

Although at the time we did not realize it, the day of this encounter was precisely twenty-one months after our second encounter with Aani. On this day, Sari and I, tired of being inside during the long winter months, decided to hike through the snow to the seven pools.

In mid-morning we reach the bridge over the river. The water thunders past spray-slicked boulders in long chutes of ice-clogged rapids. We cross this torrent into shady groves of pine and walnut. Presently the sun comes out, shining brightly through swaying branches and dark conifer needles. The river sparkles between the ever-shifting shadows. Towering above, like some fantastic castle, soars a massive pinnacle of ice and rock. We stop briefly on the far side of the bridge to enjoy this idyllic setting. The dry air is softened by the river's mist. Under last night's stars this water trickled off high glacial ice, formed from snows that fell thousands of years ago.

Reaching the upper of the seven pools, we see that the waterfall is frozen in place, as if suddenly stopped in time. Finding a spot in the sun by the lower part of the pool, we spread a ground cloth and blankets to sit and snuggle. As we talk, I notice that the waterfall, earlier frozen quite solid, has begun to trickle water into the pool. In mere moments it is flowing freely, an amazing transformation.

Sari tightens her arms around me. "Michael . . ."

“Yes baby, I know.”

“Do you think . . . oh, I love this.”

In a moment, centered over the edge of the pool by the waterfall, we see a pale haze of light form. The air warms noticeably. There is a faint radiance all around, a mysterious light that casts no shadows and seems to come from everywhere, yet nowhere. I feel a warm tingling in my body.

Sari takes both of my hands in hers. “Look,” she says softly.

I can’t imagine doing anything else. The pale haze of light brightens, then quickly takes on an incredible appearance—opalescent and pure white in color, a mist of liquid white.

“We must stand,” Sari says, and we do. Sari snuggles against me, trembling slightly. I hug her tightly.

Within a fraction of a second there are three identifiable beings visible, three beautiful young women stand by the waterfall, dressed in white, all with white-blonde hair, angelic smiles on their faces. Can they possibly be real?

Sari tugs my shirt. “Sweetie, that is Aani, and the others are the ones I saw when I was a child, I think.”

“They look alike to me, but okay. What should we do?” I ask.

“Just wait.”

We don’t have to wait long. The figure we take to be Aani glides toward us. Sari releases her grip on me and steps forward.

Aani arrives, embraces Sari, then kisses her forehead. “I am so pleased that you have taken your rightful place. It pleases us all.”

“You know about all that?” I ask.

Aani turns her ice-blue eyes to me. “Of course. There are no boundaries to consciousness, no separations.”

“So,” I ask, “in the dimensions where you live, you know everything that’s going on in our physical dimensions, so to say?”

“No, because I am not a physical personality. Basically however, neither are you. Your experience now is physical, that is all.”

“I don’t understand.”

Aani’s tiny smile appears. “I see that. You have much to learn. And you should be learning, to serve your expectations.”

“If I may ask, what do you mean?”

“That you are a creator translating your expectations into physical form. You see, the world is meant to serve as your reference point. The apparent appearance of your physical world is a replica of your inner thoughts. You

can change that world at any time. You change it without knowing it. You have only to use your ability consciously, to examine the nature of your thoughts and feelings and project only those which agree with your expectations. They coalesce into the events with which you are so intimately familiar. I encourage you to learn methods that will allow you to understand the nature of your own reality, and to point a way that will let you change that reality in whatever way you choose. You have access to many capable teachers, for example your little *B'on* sorceress, Mani."

"Mani is Michael's most favorable teacher?" Sari asks quickly, with a trace of concern.

"She is one, as are you. Mani is becoming a sorceress of the highest degree, as a guardian. You will see. And you, my dear, are as powerful as she."

Sari smiles but says nothing.

"Mani has been teaching me," I mention, "and it's been an interesting experience. But I'm wondering if, say, you were instructing me, what would you teach?"

Sari gasps. Aani stares at me, and with slightly widened eyes. Clearly, celestials are subject to being surprised, demonstrating that they don't know everything. Now Aani turns away, looking toward her companions, who are still standing by the waterfall.

Sari gives me a sharp poke in the ribs. "Aani?" she says quietly.

Aani turns back to us; her companions glide this way. I suddenly feel alarmed, yet I think my question was an excellent one.

"Aani," Sari explains, "Michael did not realize what he was asking. I am sorry."

"Do not be," Aani says firmly. "There is value and reason in his question, and in his confidence to ask." Aani suddenly smiles. "Dear Sari, I think you have chosen well your mate."

Now Sari smiles.

Aani motions at the blankets. "Let us talk for a time." She and Sari arrange things and sit cross-legged, Aani to my right, Sari to my left holding my hand. Aani's two friends glide up and join us. There are no introductions; we sit quietly for long moments, Aani and her companions with eyes closed. With five of us sitting on the blankets, we are very close to one another. This is the first time I have been so close to a *Ri-iha-mo*, or mountain goddess, celestial or whatever. I can't help but stare. Their appearance is truly

arresting. Shining white-blonde hair, flawless light skin, picture-perfect features.

All three radiate a palpable aura of regal presence, that natural grace and nobility that sometimes comes to those of high birth, an air of divine ease with the world, a dignity born, I suppose, of the knowledge that their realm is secure, their life inviolate. They seem at the same time human and not human. Honestly, their presence is unsettling. I can understand why people are uneasy to see a celestial, even if they don't know who—or what—they really are.

While starting, I am startled when all three simultaneously open their eyes, although they appear undisturbed by my attention. And all with those ice-blue eyes—dramatic eyes—bottomless, fearless, somehow omnipotent. The gorgeous being to Sari's left speaks first. "I am called Proci," she says quietly.

"I am called Marit," says the equally gorgeous and slightly taller being on Aani's right.

"We are honored to meet you," Sari responds.

"And we you," says Proci.

"Truly honored," adds Marit.

Aani gazes at me. "If I . . . or if we . . . instruct you, we have determined to teach what we teach our children."

This seems like a snub, but alright. "I see."

Aani tilts her head slightly. "And?"

"Oh, that's fine," I say.

"This disturbs you?" Aani asks. "Why?"

"Well, I'm not a child."

The three beautiful creatures smile, as if sharing some secret amusement. "You must not think of it in that manner," says Proci. "You see, understanding the true nature of our interdimensional society is something neither inherent nor inherited, it must be transmitted from generation to generation as members of each generation come to experience, in your terms, a physical existence. For this there must be adequate education—some technique, whether through imitation, initiation, or instruction—to transmit the history and heritage of our species, our knowledge, our morals and manners, our technology and arts. These accomplishments must be carefully and consistently handed down to the young as the instruments by which they carry our race into the future, whether in this star system or any other. If this

is not accomplished, if this transmission fails at any point, the finely woven web of our society may weaken, accomplishments and knowledge may be lost."

"If you listen, you will learn," Marit points out.

"And you may ask questions, if and where appropriate," Proci adds.

And so began a long and deeply fascinating discussion, lasting quite nearly until the sun began its slide to set behind the towering snow peaks.

- Part III: Epilogue -

Wisdom and Philosophy of the Celestials

"*If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is; infinite*." —William Blake

I recorded journal notes of most of the conversation Sari and I had with Aani, Proci and Marit. The following entries are set forth as accurately as possible, reconstructed based on my shorthand journal entries along with Sari's recollections.

"How many generations have you been on this planet?" I ask.

"That," Proci replies, "would depend on your perspective. From yours, a great many. From our point of multi-dimensional perception, all of our generations exist simultaneously. You must remember that beginnings and endings are realities only within your own perception of four-dimensional life, the three dimensions you perceive of as spatial and the one dimension you perceive of as temporal."

"You mean you never die?" I ask.

"No, and neither must you. Death is a very dull, dreary affair, and my advice to you is to have nothing whatsoever to do with it, but that is not the point. The true energy of your being exists outside of your system. It becomes in your view physically alive at certain points in time and space. Your own higher energy dips in and out of the space-time continuum as you understand it. As it does, its experience becomes physical, as yours is now. Within this system it then leaves a life path. You may think of it in terms of your concept of reincarnation; if so, then it may seem that one path or

lifetime exists before or after another, but the entirety of those life paths exist at once."

Aani: "Even though you are indeed multidimensional, you can perceive only so much of your own experience at a time owing to the particular characteristics of your physical existence. Your four-dimensional system automatically imposes a perspective of before-and-after effects. Yet you may, for example, exist in many different of your centuries at once. However, the normal perceptions available to your temporal being prevent any comprehensive view of all of those lives in physical terms."

"I exist in many centuries at once?" I ask. "What does that even mean?"

"What actually happens," Proci explains, "is that the energy of your being manifests itself, at certain points, within the four-dimensional world you inhabit. At each of these points what seems to be an isolated life is experienced. Just beyond those points, however, there is a more or less unitary wholeness. This represents the multidimensional portion of your being that is both apart from and wholly part of the separate life paths you take. You may have an existence in the seventeenth century, for example. To you it would appear that the life was a past one, now finished. You may not believe that your current existence and that life both exist at once, yet your seventeenth century is not gone, nor are any of the time periods of your planet. Your perception follows a linear pattern of history, pursuing certain life paths as reality and identifying with these so completely that they are all you perceive."

Aani: "Other probable lives are constantly occurring, and are quite as valid as the ones which you happen to select and thus experience. Your reincarnational selves have as many probable lives as you do. Your own beliefs and actions, in your present, alters their experiences, as each of them, in their own physical present, changes yours. If you think of these reincarnational selves as one entity, then this may become more understandable. The higher self is changed by all of its comprehensions experienced in all of its physical existences."

Marit: "I would prefer that you think of them as simultaneous selves, so you may better benefit from them."

"Benefit?" I ask.

"In the dreaming condition there is a great interchange of information with these other portions of your own higher self. In many instances you travel outside of your four-dimensional reality while dreaming, but your

experiences must then be recalled in physical terms or you would have no memory of them. Your physical brain automatically converts such data into temporal terms so that many of your significant, remembered dream experiences are already translations by the time you recall them. Otherwise they would make no sense to you at all."

"As I have explained," Aani adds, "dreaming represents an open channel through which your apparent four-dimensional environment is transcended. There are changes in neural processing during certain dream states, an acceleration that quite literally propels the consciousness out of its usual space-time continuum into those other realities from which it comes. These serve as points of unity, wherein all the various simultaneous selves meet and certain rhythms of knowledge become involved in physical terms."

"Alright, so in my limited four-dimensional physical terms, where did you come from?" I ask. "I mean originally come from?"

Our three new friends smile at one another. Aani motions to Proci, who then replies. "A beautiful planet, really quite similar to this one, orbiting a comparable star, in a galaxy much like this one, moderate in size, organized with spiral arms."

"You came from another galaxy?" Sari asks in surprise.

"Yes," Marit replies.

"Why did you leave?"

Marit takes Proci's hand in hers, but neither one smiles. "We did not wish to."

"We thought it best to," Proci adds.

Aani nods. "Events were occurring much beyond our control."

"What happened?" Sari asks.

Aani looks skyward. "Something that will happen here too, but not for billions of years, in your terms. Our galaxy was colliding with another. As the event began to unfold, it became clear that our star and its planetary system would be swept farther and farther out from the galactic core, eventually to be ejected from our galaxy altogether."

Proci: "That such a result could eventually occur was known to our race for millions of our years, which are somewhat longer than the years here."

Aani: "When it was calculated to be inevitable, those who watch began to search for an appropriate new home. Hence the interest in the evolution of this planet, as I have explained."

"Your entire population came here?" I ask.

“No,” Proci replies, “the distance was far too vast. Only those with the ability to travel interdimensionally came. A few hundred.”

“What happened to everyone else?” Sari asks with concern.

“They are still there, on our home planet.”

“Are they okay?”

“Yes, so far,” Proci explains. “Such large scale events take much time to manifest effects.”

“It has only been a bit over a million of your years since we left,” Marit offers.

These stunning revelations brought our conversation to a temporary standstill, at least for Sari and I; so much to contemplate. Then a question occurs to me. “So you came here, to the *Himalayan* mountains?”

“Our history,” Aani says, “was not meant to be the focus of this instruction.”

“Proci said that we could ask questions,” I protest.

“On appropriate matters only,” Aani replies.

Proci gestures to Aani. “It is fine, let us settle the topic.” Aani nods. Proci continues, “We came first to a landmass in the middle of what you call the Atlantic Ocean. It was ideal. Excellent natural resources, well developed flora and fauna, no primates or humanoids. We found fertile soil and abundant water. We settled in nicely, created a wonderful infrastructure, thrived and continued our evolution.”

“And so the origin of the ancient legend of Atlantis,” I say.

“Your legends have given it many names. But yes, that is one.”

“So why are you here in these mountains?” I ask.

“Because history is subject to geological as well as astronomical events,” Aani says.

Proci nods. “The landmass became unstable. Over the ages, it broke into large islands. Eventually, once again we felt it appropriate to find a new home. Many areas of this planet were by that time inhabited, sparsely but fiercely, by slowly evolving intelligent creatures, the early humans as you would refer to them. We found them to be largely warlike and unpleasant, so we sought a place where they were not, and found it in these great mountains. But the climate, overall, was somewhat inhospitable at times.” Proci pauses. “So we pressed on, we utilized the ability we had developed to create an environment in diverse dimensions, so we could control and tailor the surroundings to our needs. And so it was.”

“And so began the ancient legend of *Olmolungring*,” I say.

Aani nods. “Yes, and let us leave that as it is. Enough of this subject.”

“Wait, you all came here, to these mountains?” I ask.

“No,” Marit relies, “not all.”

“That is the end of this discussion,” Aani says firmly. “Let us move on.”

Proci looks at Aani with icy eyes, somewhat spooky. “No, let us rather answer Michael’s question. He is tenacious. And is it not tenacity that has brought us as far as we have come?”

Aani sighs. “Indeed it is.”

Proci continues, “No, not all of us came to these mountains. There were differing opinions and desires. You see, over the centuries various clans had developed on our islands, as is natural. Some explored and found other refuges they preferred.”

“Geography,” Aani explains, “often forms the matrix of history; it is its mother and disciplining home. Its rivers, lakes, rainfall and oceans draw colonizers, for water is the life of beings and settlements.”

“Where did the others go?” I ask.

“Various places,” Proci replies. “Many went across the sea to the west, to remote regions of rainforest. *Others traveled across the seas to a great desert by the mouth of a mighty river that flows south to north*. Others went from there to the fertile lands to the north of the desert, to a place with two abundant rivers. And others went still elsewhere.”

“Mesoamerica and Egypt and Mesopotamia,” I observe. “Hence the inexplicably advanced knowledge and technology of the ancient Egyptians, especially. And later the Mayans, the Sumerians, and others. Their mathematics, astronomical knowledge, and their engineering and building abilities, and so forth. And the nearly universal concept in the traditions of aboriginal cultures that their progenitors came from the stars. Well, that explains a lot.”

Aani smiles. “I suppose it does.”

“So,” Sari asks, “this instruction that you give to your children, what is it? What exactly do you teach them?”

“What is most essential,” Aani replies.

“What is most true,” Proci adds, “yet not always apparent to someone experiencing a physical existence.”

“Which is?” I ask.

Marit leans toward me. “That the features and appearance of the world

around you grows within the mind. The world that appears to you is like a four-dimensional painting in which each individual takes a hand. Each scene, each person, each experience that appears within it has first been painted within a mind, and only then does it materialize without."

Proci: "In all cases we are the artists, and as such are a portion of the painting, and appear within it. There is no effect in the exterior world that does not spring from an inner source. There is nothing external to you that does not first occur within the mind. The great creativity of consciousness is our heritage, and yours as well."

Marit: "That creativity does not belong to your species of humankind alone. Each living being possesses it, and the living world consists of a spontaneous cooperation that exists between the smallest and the highest, the great and the lowly, between the atoms and the molecules and the conscious, reasoning mind. All manner of insects, birds and beasts cooperate in this venture, producing the natural environment."

Proci: "This is as normal and inevitable as the fact that your breath causes a mist to form on glass if you breathe upon it. All consciousness creates the world, rising out of your thoughts and images. Your world is a natural product of what your consciousness truly represents. Thoughts, images, feelings and emotions emerge into reality in certain specific ways. The seasons spring up, formed by ancient feelings, having deep and abiding rhythms. They are the result, again, of innate creative aspects that are a portion of all life. These ancient aspects lie deeply buried in the psyches of all species, and from them the individual patterns, the specific blueprints for new differentiations, emerge."

Marit: "The body of the earth can be said to have its own soul, or higher mind, whichever term you prefer. Using this analogy the mountains and oceans, the valleys and rivers, and all natural phenomena spring from the earth's soul, as all events and all manifest objects appear from the higher mind or soul of mankind. The inner world of each man and woman is connected with the inner world of the earth. Part of each individual's soul, then, is intimately connected with what we call the world's soul, or the soul of the earth. The smallest blade of grass, or flower, is aware of this connection, and without reasoning comprehends its position, its uniqueness and its source of vitality. The atoms and molecules that compose all objects, whether they be the body of a person, this waterfall, a stone or a frog, know the great inner thrust of creativity that lies beneath their own existence, and upon which their

individuality exists, distinct, clear and unassailable."

Aani: "So our species rises up in victorious distinctiveness from the ancient and yet ever-new fountains of our own higher selves. The self rises from unknowing into knowing, constantly surprising itself. As you hear our teachings, for example, some of your knowledge is conscious knowing and is instantly available. Some is unconscious, but even the unconscious knowledge is knowing in its own unknowing. You always know what you are doing, even when you do not realize it. Your eye knows it sees, though it cannot see itself except through the use of reflection. In the same way the world as you see it is a reflection of what you are, a reflection not in glass but in four-dimensional reality. You project your thoughts, feelings, and expectations outward, then you perceive them as the outside reality. When it seems to you that others are observing you, you are observing yourself from the standpoint of your own projections."

Aani takes my hand. "This is what we teach our young."

"It is essential for them to understand the truth," Proci concludes.

This all takes a moment to sink in. "I believe," I say, "that what you say is true, yet you must understand that some of your concepts are difficult to fully comprehend."

Aani smiles. "Michael, no one forces you to believe in any particular manner. In the past you may have learned to consider things pragmatically, or even pessimistically. You may believe that pessimism is more realistic than optimism. You may even believe, and many of your species do, that pessimism is ennobling, a sign of deep spiritualism, a mark of apartness, a necessary mental garb of saints and poets. Nothing could be further from the truth."

"All consciousness," Marit continues, "has within it the deep abiding impetus to use its abilities fully, to expand its capacities, to venture joyfully beyond the seeming barriers of its own experience. The very consciousness's within the smallest molecules cry out against any ideas of limitation. They yearn toward new forms and experiences. Even atoms, then, constantly seek to join in new organizations of structure and meaning. They do this in a manner that you may think of as instinctive."

"I must add," says Aani, "that to believe a thing implies that you have not reached a knowingness of it—to believe is only a beginning—once experienced you may come to truly know rather than merely believe."

Proci: "Your human species has been endowed, and has endowed himself,

with a conscious mind to direct the nature, shape and form of his and her creations. All deep aspirations and unconscious motivations, all unspoken drives, rise up for the approval or disapproval of the conscious mind, and await its direction. Only when it abdicates its functions does it allow itself to become swayed by so-called negative experience. Only when it refuses responsibility does it finally find itself at the mercy of events over which it seemingly but falsely appears to have no control."

I notice that Sari, although listening with apparent interest, is fidgeting. I'm not the only one that notices. "Dear Sari," Aani asks, "what is on your mind?"

"Well, all of this is essentially what I've been taught since I was very young, by Lemia."

"Of course," Aani responds. "And?"

"Well, not all of it really. I mean, some of the things you have said seem different. Like that the earth has a soul."

Aani nods slightly. "Yes, I suppose so. Yet, on this topic, there is very little known to us that is not known to Lemia. She is highly enlightened. Our expressions may differ as our backgrounds and our perspectives differ.

Marit: "The earth having a soul, or higher mind, simply means that the earth is incarnate, in whole and in each part, as is the Universe."

"The Universe is a living thing," Proci adds, "a cosmic unity of conscious process rather than a chaotic array of unrelated parts, as most of your species believe."

"That," Aani says firmly, "is what you must come to know."

From this point forward, Aani and Sari engaged in a private discussion regarding recent developments in Sari's life and Aani's connection thereto. After that conversation, Sari and I departed, quite regretfully, leaving Aani, Proci and Marit sitting quietly by the seven pools, apparently in meditation.

The Celestials Presence and Influence in Ancient Egypt

"The mystery that attends any journey is this: How did the traveler reach his starting point in the first place?" —Bogan

Although seeming at times equivocal, the celestials generally treated our questions with their cards very much on the table. Aani, Proci and Marit

revealed a great deal, and with disarming candor. For those not encumbered with certainty, the existence of the *Ri-iha-mo*—mountain goddesses, or direct descendants of celestials—is a reality, as is their knowledge and their contributions to so many prehistoric cultures, in particular that of ancient Egypt.

When I asked where they had gone after the landmass of their original home on Earth had become "unstable," Proci replied with clarity. "Various places," she said. "Many went across the sea to the west, to remote regions of rainforest. Others traveled across the seas *to a great desert by the mouth of a mighty river that flows south to north*. Others went from there to the fertile lands to the north of the desert, to a place with two abundant rivers. Others went still elsewhere."

"Mesoamerica and Egypt and Mesopotamia," I observed. "Hence the inexplicably advanced knowledge and technology of the ancient Egyptians, especially. And later the Mayans, the Sumerians, and others. Their mathematics, astronomical knowledge, and their engineering and building abilities, and so forth. And the nearly universal concept in the traditions of aboriginal cultures that their progenitors came from the stars. Well, that explains a lot." At that Aani smiled and said, "I suppose it does."

The "*mighty river that flows south to north*" is of course the Nile, a name derived from the Greek *neilos*, which means river; in ancient Egyptian it was called *Iteru* or *Ḥ'pī*, also meaning river. Generally considered to be the longest river in the world with a length of some 4,258 miles (6,853 km), it is the only major north-flowing river on our planet. Today the Nile runs from the high mountains in the middle regions of Africa north to the Nile delta, and flows through eleven countries on its long journey to the Mediterranean Sea. The Greek historian Herodotus wrote that "*Egypt was the gift of the Nile*." An unending source of sustenance, it played several crucial roles in the development of Egyptian civilization.

As Aani explained: "Geography often forms the matrix of history; it is its mother and disciplining home. Its rivers, lakes, rainfall and oceans draw colonizers, for water is the life of beings and settlements."

It is wise to remember that history begins after origins have disappeared—legends arise to preserve those origins. The mythopoetic, theopoetic process is natural to humankind and goes on today as always. There is a birth rate as

well as a death rate of legends—their gods and goddesses are like energy whose quantity remains, through all vicissitudes of form, approximately unchanged from generation to generation. Truth seems always a reincarnation or echo, since truth remains the same through a thousand generations—truth is timeless, only doubt is new.

Adorning this narrative of our encounters and the knowledge those encounters revealed, and nicely illustrating the moral, is the conclusion that, sooner or later, most people reach the disturbing realization that even what they cannot believe or fully comprehend may be true.

"*We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy of life is when men are afraid of the light*." —Plato (c. 428-348 B.C.)

Let us work toward a greater understanding by exploring several intriguing implications of the celestials' disclosures.

Ancient Egypt, A Brief Tour

Please take a moment to visit Egypt and what remains of the ancient glory.

Here is a perfect harbor. Outside the long breakwater the waves topple over one another roughly; within it the sea is a silver mirror. There, on the little island of Pharos, when Egypt was very old, Sostratus built his great lighthouse of white marble, five-hundred feet high, as a beacon to all ancient mariners of the Mediterranean, and one of the seven wonders of the world. Time and the nagging waters have washed it away, but a new lighthouse has taken its place, and guides our steamer through the rocks to the quays of Alexandria. Here that astonishing boy-statesman, Alexander, founded the subtle, polyglot metropolis that was to inherit the culture of Egypt and Greece. It was in this harbor that Caesar received without gladness the severed head of Pompey. Once disembarked, we board a humble train. As it glides through the city, glimpses come of unpaved alleys and streets, heat waves dancing in the air, workingmen naked to the waist, black-garbed women bearing burdens sturdily, white-robed and turbaned Moslems of regal dignity, and in the distance spacious squares and shining palaces, perhaps as fair as those that the Ptolemy's built when Alexandria was the meeting-place of the world.

Continuing on, suddenly it is open country, and the city recedes into the horizon of the fertile Delta, that green triangle which looks on the map like the leaves of a lofty palm-tree held up on the slender stalk of the Nile. Once, no doubt, this Delta was a bay; patiently the broad river filled it up, too slowly to be seen, with detritus carried down a thousand miles; now from this little corner of mud, enclosed by the many mouths of the river, six million peasants grow enough cotton to export millions of dollars worth of it every year. There, bright and calm under relentless sun, even the ancient geographers (e.g., Strabo) believed that Egypt had once been under the waters of the Mediterranean, and that its deserts had been the bottom of the sea. In the glaring sun, fringed with slim palms and grassy banks, is the most famous of all rivers. We cannot see the desert that lies so close beyond it, or the great empty river-beds where once its fertile tributaries flowed; we cannot realize yet how precariously narrow a thing this Egypt is, owing everything to the river, and harassed on either side with hostile, shifting sand.

Now our train passes amid the alluvial plain. The land is half covered with water and crossed everywhere with irrigation canals. In the ditches and the fields black fellaheen labor, knowing no garment but a cloth about the loins. The river has had one of its annual inundations, which begins at the summer solstice and lasts for a hundred days. Through that overflow the desert became fertile, and Egypt blossoms, in Herodotus' phrase, as the “gift of the Nile.” It was here that civilization found its earliest home; nowhere else was a river so generous in irrigation, and so controllable in its rise; only Mesopotamia could rival it. For thousands of years the peasants have watched this rise with anxious eagerness; to this day public criers announce its progress each morning in the streets of Cairo. So the past, with the quiet continuity of this river, flows from the past into the future, lightly touching the present on its way. Only historians make divisions; time does not. But every gift must be paid for; and the peasant, though he valued the rising waters, knew that without control they could ruin as well as irrigate his fields. So from time beyond history he built these ditches that cross and recross the land; he caught the surplus in canals, and when the river fell he raised the water with buckets pivoted on long poles, singing, as he worked, the songs that the Nile has heard for five-thousand years. For as these peasants are now, somber and laughterless even in their singing, so they have been, in all likelihood, for fifty centuries.

This water-raising apparatus is as old as the Pyramids, and a million of these fellaheen, despite the conquests of Arabic, still speak the language of the ancient monuments. Here in the Delta, fifty miles southeast of Alexandria, is the site of Naucratis, once filled with industrious, scheming Greeks. Thirty miles farther east, the site of Sai's, where, in the centuries before the Persian and Greek conquests, the native civilization of Egypt had its last revival; and then, a hundred and twenty-nine miles southeast of Alexandria, is Cairo. A beautiful city, but not Egyptian; the conquering Moslems founded it in A.D. 968; then the bright spirit of France overcame the gloomy Arab and built here a Paris in the desert, exotic and unreal. One must pass through it by motorcar or leisurely fiacre to find old Egypt at the Pyramids.

The Pyramids, how small they appear from the long road that approaches them; did we come so far to see so little? But then they grow larger, as if they were being lifted up into the air; round a turn in the road we surprise the edge of the desert. And there suddenly the Pyramids confront us, bare and solitary in the sand, gigantic and morose against an alien sky. The Great Pyramid of Cheops was the tallest building in the world until well into the 1800s. It covers 13.5 acres at the base and contains 2.3 million limestone blocks, weighing 5,000 pounds each on average. Hundreds of thousands of men labored to raise this incredible structure—but they were not slaves; they were free farmers and artisans. Built thousands of years before Rome was founded, the social organization of this project alone humbles most modern achievements. A motley crowd scrambles about the base of the great pyramids; stout businessmen on blinking donkeys, stouter ladies secure in carts, young men prancing on horseback, young women sitting uncomfortably on camel-back, their silk knees glistening in the sun; and everywhere grasping Arabs. We stand where Caesar and Napoleon stood, and remember that fifty centuries look down upon us; where the Father of History came four-hundred years before Caesar, and heard the tales that were to startle Pericles. A new perspective of time comes to us; two millenniums seem to fall out of the picture, and Caesar, Herodotus and ourselves appear for a moment contemporary and modern before these phenomenal structures that were more ancient to them than the Greeks are to us.

Nearby, the Sphinx, half lion and half philosopher, grimly claws the sand and glares unmoved at the transient visitor and the eternal plain. It is a savage monument, as if designed to frighten old lechers and make children retire

early. The lion body passes into a human head with prognathous jaws and cruel eyes; the workers of the civilization that built it, and we know not when, had not quite forgotten barbarism. Once the sand covered it, and Herodotus, who saw so much that is not there, says not a word of it. Evidence of water erosion, although debated, suggests this powerful monument may have been constructed over ten-thousand years ago.

Nevertheless, what knowledge these ancient Egyptians must have had, what power and skill, even in the infancy of history, to bring these vast stones six hundred miles, to raise some of them, weighing many tons, to a height of over half a thousand feet, and to pay, or even to feed, the hundred-thousand workers who toiled for twenty years on these Pyramids. Herodotus has preserved for us an inscription that he found on one pyramid, recording the quantity of radishes, garlic and onions consumed by the workmen who built it; these things, too, had to have their immortality. Diodorus Siculus, who must always be read skeptically, writes: “An inscription on the larger pyramid . . . sets forth that on vegetables and purgatives for the workmen there were paid out over 1600 talents,” i.e., $2,688,000,000 (€2,283,872,000).

From Cairo we take a little steamer; it moves up the river, i.e. southward, through six leisurely days to Karnak and Luxor, the glories of ancient Egypt. Twenty miles below Cairo it passes Memphis, the most ancient of Egypt's capitals; here the great Third and Fourth Dynasties lived, in a city of two million souls. Nothing now greets the eye but a row of small pyramids and a grove of palms; for the rest there is only desert, infinite, villainous sand, slipping under the feet, stinging the eyes, filling the pores, covering everything, stretching from Morocco across Sinai, Arabia, Turkestan, Tibet to Mongolia. Along that sandy belt across two continents civilization once built its seats and now is gone, driven away, as the ice receded, by increasing heat and decreasing rain. By the Nile, for a dozen miles on either side, runs a ribbon of fertile soil; from the Mediterranean to Nubia there is only this strip redeemed from the desert. This is the thread upon which hung the life of Egypt. And yet how brief seems the blink of an eye in time of our civilization, or even the life-span of Greece, or the millennium of Rome, beside the long record from Menes to Cleopatra!

A week later our steamer is at Luxor. On this site, now covered with Arab hamlets and drifting sand, once stood the greatest of Egypt's capitals, the richest city of the very ancient world, known to the Greeks as Thebes and to

its own people as Wesi and Ne. On the eastern slope of the Nile is the famous Winter Palace of Luxor, aflame with bougainvillea. Across the river the sun is setting over the Tombs of the Kings into a sea of sand, and the sky is flaked with gaudy tints of purple and gold. Far in the west the pillars of Queen Hatshepsut's noble temple gleam, looking for all the world like some classic colonnade from a dream of heaven.

In the morning lazy sailboats ferry us across a river so quiet and unpretentious that no one would suspect that it had been flowing here for uncounted centuries. Then we travel over mile after mile of desert, through dusty mountain passes and by historic graves, until the masterpiece of the great Queen rises still and white in the trembling heat. Here great artists decided to transform nature and her hills into a beauty greater than her own. Into the very face of the granite cliff they built these columns, more stately than those that Ictinus made for Pericles. It is impossible, seeing these, to doubt that Greece took her architecture, perhaps through Crete, from this mysteriously initiative race. And on the walls vast bas-reliefs, alive with motion and thought, tell the story of the first great woman in known history, and not the least of queens.

On the road back sit two giants in stone, representing the most luxurious of Egypt's monarchs, Amenhotep III, but mistakenly called the “Colossi of Memnon” by the Baedekers of Greece. Each is seventy feet high, weighs seven-hundred tons, and is carved out of a single rock. On the base of one of them are the inscriptions left by Greek tourists who visited these ruins two-thousand years ago; again the centuries fall out of reckoning, and those Greeks seem strangely contemporary with us in the presence of these ancient things. A mile to the north lie the stone remains of Rameses II, one of the most fascinating figures in history, beside whom Alexander is an immature trifle. Alive for ninety-nine years, emperor for sixty-seven, father of one hundred and fifty children; here he is a statue, once fifty-six feet high, now fifty-six feet long, prostrate and ridiculous in the sand. Napoleon's savants measured him zealously; they found his ear three and a half feet long, his foot five feet wide, his weight a thousand tons. For him Bonaparte should have used his later salutation of Goethe: “ *Voilà un homme*!” Behold a man!

All around now, on the west bank of the Nile, is the City of the Dead. At every turn some burrowing Egyptologist has unearthed a royal tomb. The grave of Tutankhamun is closed, locked even in the faces of those who

thought that gold would open anything, but the tomb of Seti I is open, and there in the cool earth one may gaze at decorated ceilings and passages, and marvel at the wealth and skill that could build such sarcophagi and surround them with such art. In one of these tombs the excavators saw, on the sand, the footprints of the workers who had carried the King to his place three-thousand years before.

But the best remains adorn the eastern side of the river. Here at Luxor the lordly Amenhotep III, with the spoils of Thutmose III's victories, began to build his most pretentious edifice; death came upon him as he built; then, after the work had been neglected for a century, Rameses II finished it in regal style. At once the quality of Egyptian architecture floods the spirit. Here are the scope and power, not beauty merely, but of a masculine sublimity. A wide court, now waste with sand, paved of old with marble; on three sides majestic colonnades matched by Karnak alone; on every hand carved stone in bas-relief, and royal statues proud even in desolation. Imagine eight long stems of the papyrus plant, nurse of letters and here the form of art; at the base of the fresh unopened flowers bind the stems with five firm bands that will give beauty strength; then picture the whole stately stalk in stone. This is the papyriform column of Luxor. Fancy a court of such columns, upholding massive entablatures and shadegiving porticoes; see the whole as the ravages of thirty centuries have left it, then estimate the greatness of men and women who, in what we once thought the childhood of civilization, could conceive of such monuments, and execute them with an artistic perfection that remains unequalled to this day.

Through ancient ruins and modern squalor a rough footpath leads to what Egypt keeps as its greatest offering, the temples of Karnak. Half a hundred Pharaohs took part in building them, from the last dynasties of the Old Kingdom to the days of the Ptolemy’s. Generation by generation the structures grew, until sixty acres were covered with the lordliest offerings that architecture ever made to the gods. An “Avenue of Sphinxes” leads to the place where Champollion, founder of Egyptology, stood in 1828 and wrote: “I went at last to the palace, or rather to the city of monuments of Karnak. There all the magnificence of the Pharaohs appeared to me, all that men have imagined and executed on the grandest scale. No people, ancient or modern, has conceived the art of architecture on a scale so sublime, so great, so grandiose, as the ancient Egyptians. They conceived like men a hundred feet

high.”

To understand it would require maps and plans, and all an architect's learning. A spacious enclosure of many courts one-third of a mile on each side; a population of once 86,000 statues; a main group of buildings, constituting the Temple of Amon, one-thousand by three-hundred feet; great pylons or gates between one court and the next; the perfect “Heraldic Pillars” of Thutmose III, broken off rudely at the top, but still of astonishingly delicate carving and design; the Festival Hall of the same formidable monarch, its fluted shafts here and there anticipating all the power of the Doric column in Greece; the little Temple of Ptah, with graceful pillars rivaling the living palms beside them; the Promenade, again the work of Thutmose's builders, with bare and massive colonnades, symbol of Egypt's Napoleon. And above all, the Hypostyle Hall, a very forest of one-hundred-forty gigantic columns, crowded close to keep out the exhausting sun, flowering out at their tops into spreading palms of stone, and holding up, with impressive strength, a roof of mammoth slabs stretched in solid granite from capital to capital. Nearby two slender obelisks, monoliths complete in symmetry and grace, rise like pillars of light amid the ruins of statues and temples, and announce in their inscriptions the proud message of the great Queen Hatshepsut to the world.

These obelisks, the carving says, “are of hard granite from the quarries of the South; their tops are of fine gold chosen from the best in all foreign lands. They can be seen from afar on the river; the splendor of their radiance fills the Two Lands, and when the solar disc appears between them it is truly as if he descended down onto the horizon of the sky. You who after long years shall see these monuments, who shall speak of what I have done, you will say, ‘We do not know, we do not know how they can have made a whole mountain of gold.’ To guild them I have given gold measured by the bushel, as though it were sacks of grain, . . . *for I know that Karnak is the celestial horizon of the earth and the arrival place of the gods.*”

What a queen, and what kings! Perhaps this first great civilization known to us was the finest of all, and have we but begun to uncover its glory? Last I was there, near the Sacred Lake at Karnak, men were digging, carrying away the soil patiently in little paired baskets slung over the shoulder on a pole. An Egyptologist is bending absorbed over hieroglyphics on two stones just rescued from the earth; he is one of a thousand such men, Carters and

Breasteds and Masperos, Petries and Caparts and Weigalls, living simply here in the heat and dust, trying to read for us the riddle of the greatness of Egypt, to snatch from the secretive soil the art and literature, the history and wisdom of Egypt. Every day the earth and the elements fight against them. Superstitions and curses hamper them; moisture and corrosion attack the very monuments they have exhumed, and the same Nile that gives food to Egypt creeps in its overflow into the ruins of Karnak, loosens the pillars, tumbles them down, and leaves upon them, when it subsides, a deposit of saltpeter that eats like a leprosy into the stone. Let us contemplate the glory of Egypt, in her history and her civilization, before her last monuments crumble into the sand.

The reader will excuse the brevity of this tour: we have only begun to explore the tremendous accomplishments of the Ancient Egyptians. Where did this magnificent civilization come from? How did a small community of people just graduating from a Paleolithic era suddenly create one of the greatest civilizations of all history?

What do we know their early history? Since the radicals of one age are the reactionaries of the next, it was not to be expected that the men who created Egyptology should be the first to accept as authentic the remains belonging to Egypt's earliest age, after forty *les savants ne sont pas curieux*. When the first flints were unearthed in the valley of the Nile, Sir Flinders Petrie, not usually hesitant with figures, classed them as the work of post-dynastic generations; and Maspero, whose lordly erudition did no hurt to his urbane and polished style, ascribed Neolithic Egyptian pottery to the Middle Kingdom. Nevertheless, in 1895 De Morgan revealed an almost continuous gradation of Paleolithic culture in the flint hand-axes, harpoons, arrow-heads and hammers exhumed all along the Nile. Imperceptibly the Paleolithic remains graduate into Neolithic at depths indicating an age 10,000-5000 B.C.

The stone tools remained unrefined in the earlier period, then, in an archeologically unprecedented span of time, reached a level of sharpness, finish and precision unequaled by any other Neolithic culture known. Towards the end of this rapid transitional period, metallurgy emerged; metal work entered in the form of vases, chisels and pins of copper, and ornaments of silver and gold. Finally, in an advancement previously unknown in the historical record, highly efficient agriculture appeared. In the year 1901, near the little town of Badari (half way between Cairo and Karnak), bodies were

excavated amid implements indicating a date approximating to forty centuries before Christ. In the intestines of these bodies, preserved through six millenniums by the dry heat of the sand, were husks of unconsumed barley. Since barley does not grow wild in Egypt, it is presumed that at some point the ability to cultivate cereals was introduced. Yet by whom?

During this transitional stage, the inhabitants of the Nile valley began the work of irrigation, cleared the jungles and the swamps, won the river from the crocodile and the hippopotamus. The people began making boats, ground corn, wove linen and carpets, had jewels and perfumes, barbers and domesticated animals, and delighted to draw pictures, chiefly of the prey they pursued. They painted upon their newly emerging arts of pottery figures of mourning women, representations of animals and men, and geometrical designs; and they carved such excellent products as the *Gebel-el-Arak* knife. They developed pictographic writing, and Sumerian-like cylinder seals. And so began the golden age of Egypt, which endured for some fifty centuries.

Yet, even with its great strength and endurance, as with all great civilizations, Egypt eventually declined. And of the future there is no certainty; today the only certainty is decay. On all sides exist ancient gigantic ruins, monuments and tombs, memorials of a culture possessed of titanic energy; on all sides poverty and desolation, and the exhaustion of an ancient blood. And on all sides the hostile, engulfing sands, blown about forever by hot winds, and grimly resolved to cover everything in the end.

Nevertheless the sands have destroyed only the body of ancient Egypt; its spirit survives in the lore and memory of our race. Their enormous contributions were not lost, even when their finest exemplars were buried under the desert, or overthrown by some convulsion of the globe. Through the Phoenicians and the Syrians, through the Cretans, the Greeks and the Romans, the civilization of Egypt passed down to become part of the cultural heritage of all mankind. The effect or remembrance of what Egypt accomplished at the very dawn of history has influence in every nation and every age.

The ascension of Egyptian civilization, to a previously unknown zenith of accomplishment lasting scores of centuries, demonstrated an advancement of a culture within a time-frame that is wholly inexplicable. How were these unprecedented and monumental accomplishments of ancient Egypt achieved? And how did they occur, in anthropological terms, so suddenly? From

whence came their knowledge and sophistication?

In the Amazon description of this book, the reader is promised that he or she will have the opportunity to explore answers to these profound mysteries. Here I will endeavor to fulfill that promise. During our third encounter with the celestials, Proci related that their species settled originally on a landmass in the mid-Atlantic, then, when that landmass become unstable, migrated to "various places." She stated: "Many went across the sea to the west, to remote regions of rainforest. Others traveled across the seas to a great desert by the mouth of a mighty river that flows south to north. Others went from there to the fertile lands to the north of the desert, to a place with two abundant rivers."

"Mesoamerica and Egypt and Mesopotamia," I observed. "Hence the inexplicably advanced knowledge and technology of the ancient Egyptians, especially. And later the Mayans, the Sumerians, and others. Their mathematics, astronomical knowledge, and their engineering and building abilities, and so forth. And the nearly universal concept in the traditions of aboriginal cultures that their progenitors came from the stars. Well, that explains a lot." At that, Aani smiled and said. "I suppose it does."

There is much that could be discussed regarding Mesoamerica and Mesopotamia, as the reader who has come this far no doubt knows, but here our focus is on ancient Egypt. That river that flows "south to north" is of course is the Nile. Is it possible, as many scholars believe, and as Egyptian legend relates, that the sudden emergence of highly developed abilities, technological and artistic and cultural, came from the in-migration of "colonists" from a highly evolved civilization located elsewhere?

It was the belief of most Greeks that the primary elements of their civilization had come to them from Egypt; their legends ascribed the founding of several Greek cities to men, like Cadmus and Danaus, who had come from Egypt, or had brought Egyptian culture to Greece by way of Phoenicia or Crete. From the seventh century onward many wise and famous Greeks—Thales, Pythagoras, Solon, Plato, and Democritus will serve as examples—visited Egypt, and were deeply impressed by the fullness and antiquity of its culture, which had a mature civilization and highly developed arts two-thousand years before the fall of Troy. In the belief of Greek scholars like Herodotus and Plutarch, it was from the wisdom of Ancient Egypt that their civilization arose, and from the ancient Egyptian Mysteries of Osiris and Isis came the

resurrection ritual of Demeter and Persephone at Eleusis, hence preserving in the Eleusinian Mysteries the mystic teachings of Ancient Egypt for another fifteen centuries.

Regarding the Ancient 'People of the One'

"*This world, even the smallest parts of it, you'll find to be filled with things you don't know*." —S. Alexie

This chapter is included for readers especially interested in this fascinating topic. Our insights have accumulated over a long period of time from various sources, and through that process a legendary lost world began to reveal itself. In this section I will include a few additional insights we have encountered and let the reader arrive at his or her own analysis.

In review, while on an extended trek in the *Himalayan* Range, I encountered a small village deep in the mountains, an ancient and beautiful community called *Siddhalaya*. Shortly after my arrival, Lama Dhanaga and Lama Karpa, the resident lamas of *Siddhalaya*, requested that I assist in recovering a document recently found in the highlands of Tibet, thought to have originated in ancient Egypt, written by a supreme female master. A primary source of that manuscript was said to be a set of exquisite marble tablets originating from an immensely ancient mid-Atlantic civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world. Through a series of remarkable adventures, the document was recovered and returned to *Siddhalaya*. (For a complete account see, *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*.)

This conversation and its insights occurred when I was talking to an especially unusual adept, Kenji, regarding the manuscript Sari and I retrieved and returned. Mentioned in that manuscript was yet another treatise written by *Kalika-Khenmetaten*, thought to be titled *The Crown of Light*.

"What is *The Crown of Light*?" I asked, referring to the second, as yet unrecovered, manuscript written by the brilliant Egyptian adept, *Kalika-Khenmetaten*.

"My friend, I will tell you what I can, yet recognize that from this point we move from the known to the speculative. I have never seen the manuscript of the second *Crown*. I know of only two that have; the Adept Kalika and *Sambhava*. As I have said, it has long been thought, long been hoped, to be

nothing more than a myth, a project never truly begun, or begun but never completed. Yet *Sambhava* actually read it. It exists. He speaks of it only in generalities, and with a stern warning. Most simply stated, it sets forth a most profound knowledge, the ultimate knowledge of the nature of consciousness and what lies beyond, of the meditations necessary to achieve such elevated levels of awareness, and of the techniques necessary to access the ultimate powers of those attainments. There is no doubt that Kalika possessed such knowledge. She had access to the tablets of the People of the One, who dwelt on islands in the Atlantic Ocean, long disappeared. They possessed this knowledge far before the existence of what you think of as civilization. The tablets were brought to the land you know of as Egypt thousands of years ago. In her time, Kalika was one of few with the ability to read and understand those writings. She correctly believed that the tablets could easily be destroyed, and in any case felt that the ability to translate the tablets could be lost forever. She was determined to preserve the knowledge of the ancient civilizations for future generations, and apparently succeeded."

"Tablets that came from Atlantis?" I manage to ask.

"Call it what you will. It is a land of many names, destroyed so long ago that even those who should know better consider it only a myth. The tablets still exist, forty-nine in number. They are of marble, inlaid with intricate gold lettering, quite beautiful. The language is similar to what you saw on the chart we deciphered; like Senzar, only older."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*, ch. 4)

* * *

Among the many amazing experiences Sari and I encountered during our quest to recover the manuscripts was our visit to an ancient esoteric oracle temple.

I thought the temple impressive last night; after further investigation, I realize that it is vastly more so than I first perceived. The slabs that I stumbled over this morning are complete remains of what was once the roof. I cannot move them, but they are stacked in such a way that I am able to reconstruct, on paper, precisely how and where they rested. The roof was extensive, with a U-shaped cutout above the fire-bowl.

The style of the temple is of impressive simplicity, the design is rectangular. After making a simple device from cord, I am able to measure

everything. A system of proportion reveals itself in every part of the structure, precisely like the Polycleitan canon, where all measurements bear a given relation to the diameter of the columns. The columns' height is exactly five times their average diameter. Each column enlarges slightly from base to middle, about three quarters of an inch in diameter, then tapers toward the top. The end columns are thicker than the other five. Every horizontal line of stylobate and entablature was curved upward toward its center, so that an eye stationed at one end of any supposedly level line could not see the farther half. All this curvature served as subtle correction for optical illusions that would otherwise have made stylobate lines seem to sink in the center, the columns to diminish upward from the base, and the end columns to appear thinner and outwardly inclined. Such elegant sophistication required considerable knowledge of mathematics and optics—this temple, whoever built it, is an extraordinary and beautiful merger of science and art. Here, as in physics, every straight line is a curve, and, as in a fine painting, every part was drawn toward the center in subtle composition. The result is a flexibility and grace that gives life and freedom to the very stone from which this temple is built.

But who built it? And when? Here is a mystery of epic magnitude. By crude evaluation of the deterioration of the edges of the granite from which this temple is constructed, the various parts must have been cut, at minimum, several thousand years ago, possibly far earlier. As great a respect as I have for Tibet and its people, though they may have had a hand in this temple's construction, they did not design such a sophisticated structure in the very infancy of their civilization. This temple moves one not only in admiration of its perfection, but in palpable feeling of its life: here is order and graceful form, moderation in design, remarkable expression, all with exemplary proportion in the parts and unity in the whole—quiet perfection content with simplicity and a sublimity that owes nothing to size. These are achievements of a highly accomplished culture.

And something else: What other things of the art, science, and culture of whomever built this temple might linger elsewhere in these great mountains? The ability—and desire—to build this structure implies the ability to build much else. But why only a temple for oracular communications? It seems unlikely that they would have built this for themselves and have built nothing else. Was it perhaps a means of communicating comprehensible portions of their philosophy to a less sophisticated people?

I want to tell Sari of these discoveries, but I see that Sari and Mani are positioned in a shaded spot, meditating. My news can wait, I suppose. Poking around a little more, I notice that the front and back steps obviously go deeper into the soil; even in a thousand years a good deal of material would have been deposited around the foundation. I begin an excavation at one corner of the base slab, like a typical burrowing archeologist. Judging from the depth to which I can determine that the foundation reaches, my weight estimate must be increased to 150 tons. Within an hour, working toward the front steps, at a depth of about two feet I make another exciting find. Symbols. Long strings of them carved into the granite, grouped in several lines; without doubt this is a language of some type. I've never seen any like them, although, come to think of it, they look something like the runes on the gompa's ancient map. Might Mani know the meaning of these symbols?

Making several trips for water, I manage to scrub the inscriptions clean. I copy them, and make tracings. Something is nagging at me . . . of course, the chair. The symbols on the top of the Oracle's chair are of the same species, bracketed on each end by a mystic swastika, one going the "right" way, the other the opposite.

Sari and Mani arrive to learn of my inquiries. They sit on a bench and unbraid and brush each other's hair. Both have very straight hair naturally, but the wet braiding has created a wavy effect that is quite attractive. While they groom one another, I fill them in on my discoveries and show them drawings of the roof.

Mani (who at this time is under a vow of silence) takes one of my pads and writes: "I have always admired the beauty of this temple, but did not understand its sophistication. I know of no other structures made by the builders, yet it may be knowledge that has not been revealed to me. I have heard that they constructed vast and intricate chambers inside of certain sacred mountains, but have never seen such things."

Perhaps time in its humorous manner has buried all their other works, as at its leisure it will cover ours. I mention the inscriptions. "Mani, do you have any idea of what the symbols might mean?"

"I cannot translate the language," she writes, "I only know that it is that of the builders."

"Can anyone read them? The abbot perhaps?"

Mani writes: "I do not know that anyone can read the symbols—the builders' language is very ancient."

“What can you tell me about these people, the builders?”

She ponders for a moment. “The lore of the temple and its builders, like its location, is sealed. Yet you have taken a sacred vow; if you agree your vow encompasses this knowledge, I will share it with you.”

Sari and I agree. (The following is herein presented only because Kenji, though agreeing that the temple’s location must remain unknown, briskly reminded Sari and I that legends regarding those who brought portions of their civilization from a mid-Atlantic landmass to various areas of the world are quite well known hence by definition no longer esoteric. Thus, he relieved us of that portion of our vow.)

Mani begins: “The traditions relate that the builders arrived some twelve millennia ago, from a land very distant, an island found in an immense shining sea to the west.” She glances at us, eyes dark blue. “It is said that they came because their island was sinking into the sea, and that the island was all that remained of a great continent that had broken up many ages ago.”

“Does the tradition relate how many ages ago?” I ask.

Mani hesitates, then writes: “Many, many ages.”

“Mani,” I press, “how long ago?”

She writes the number small, as if embarrassed by its size. “850,000 years.”

“Mani, does the tradition mention Atlantis, or Alanteans?”

“No.”

“Does it make mention of any names, of the island or of the people?”

“The land,” she writes, “was called Ruta; the people Rutas. They are also referred to as the People of the One.”

Sari snuggles against me. “Sweetie, I have heard much of such traditions. Lemia has long instructed me about the great civilization that existed far to the west, in the ocean, now gone under the water, and about the People of the One. They had much to do with the early development of *B’on*, but only the esoteric wisdom system of the high shamans, not the outward religion.”

Mani writes: “This is so. The abbot has said much the same.” Mani gazes thoughtfully at Sari. “And I have read and studied much about the People of the One.”

What Mani writes of tallies nicely with the voluminous lore of Atlantis, brought to us most famously by Plato, but by many others as well, particularly the ancient Brahmaic and Egyptian traditions. Herodotus tells us that when Hecataeus of Miletus boasted to the Egyptian priests that he could

trace his ancestry through fifteen centuries to a god, they quietly showed him, in a hidden sanctuary, the statutes of three-hundred-forty-five high priests, each the son of the preceding, making three-hundred-forty-five generations that their gods had reigned over the Nile valley since coming from a greatly cultured civilization in the Atlantic. Interestingly, three-hundred-forty-five generations equates to roughly twelve-thousand years, the twelve millennia Mani mentioned.

It is not merely possible but highly probable, as Aristotle thought, that many civilizations arose, developed a high culture, were destroyed, and lapsed from human memory. History, said Bacon, is the planks of a shipwreck; vastly more of the past is lost than has been saved. The reconstruction of the history of civilization is a precarious enterprise—only a fool would claim that all the earth's past is known. Every day the sea encroaches somewhere on the land, as within centuries most of our great coastal cities will be submerged, or the land upon the sea, as with Iceland and the island of Hawaii. To the geologic eye the surface of the earth is a fluid form.

How many civilizations, spoken of by the ancients yet later presumed—rashly and inaccurately—to be mythical, have been exhumed? Egypt, Crete, Sumeria, Yucatan and, of course, Troy. Schliemann, the resurrector of the many cities of Troy, and much else, believed that Atlantis had served as a mediating link between the cultures of Europe and Yucatan, and that Egyptian civilization had been brought from Atlantis. We cannot ignore the legends, current throughout history, of a civilization in the Atlantic, great and cultured, destroyed by a catastrophe of nature. The spades of archeology, as victorious as they have been, simply cannot reach the raised submarine plateau that may hold the grave of Atlantis; it is more remote to exploration than the surface of Mars.

Mani has been fidgeting and looking very thoughtful; suddenly she jumps down to where I excavated the symbols. She stares intently, then motions for us to join her. Taking my ever-present pad, she writes: "I have seen this set of symbols in an old text the abbot has hidden in the underchambers of the monastery. There are many, many ancient books there. He does not encourage me to view them." She smiles. "But I had reasons to look anyway. Now I am glad, for in that text are translations of many different sets of the ancient symbols. This set of symbols is there. If I can recall." She stops and closes her eyes. Now she writes:

Be it Known that this temple is consecrated in Light and dedicated to Awareness of the One —

For those who dwell in darkness, We bring Light.

For those who embrace superstition, We bring Liberation.

For those whose thought rises not above ignorance, We bring Knowledge.

For those enslaved by strife and toil, We bring Freedom.

For those who know only fear, We bring Bliss.

For those who see only ugliness, We bring Beauty.

For all those who journey in the gloom, We provide this Port of Light.

Mani peers back and forth between the symbols and the pad, then writes: “I think this is correct. It is possible some words may be different and there may be more.”

What she has written seems to correlate; the temple symbols have what appear to be an introductory line followed by seven additional lines. This is incredible. If Mani’s translation is accurate, it indicates that the temple was indeed, at least in part, utilized for the education of the local population. But how long ago? And why?

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power,* ch. 27)

* * *

During a later conversation, Kenji spoke to Sari of the legendary nature of the People of the One.

“In a theoretical sense, many millions have descended from the People of the One, but precious few of those know their heritage. You see, my dear, the People of the One came to this land long ago; some one-hundred-twenty centuries have passed since that time. When their islands, remnants of the great continent, began to sink, they migrated over a period of several decades. Many went to small colonies that had been established to the east, others went to the west. Upon the arrival of those who journeyed east, they found what homes they could. The existing population was to them quite barbaric, not at all to their liking, so they tended to isolated communities in areas bearing a harsh climate, so less populated. They had largely lost their ability to replicate their earlier technologies, so did they best they could. And

naturally, over time, they blended with other peoples. Human memory is fragile and short, my dear, all too short. The descendants of the People of the One maintained knowledge of their heritage as well as they could. Yet, over time, such memories became increasingly vague. Over such great periods of time their memories of their home, their memories of their history, their memories of who they truly were, passed into legends, then eventually into myths. In the space of merely ten centuries, most knew of the People of the One only through legends. In twenty-five centuries, their ancestors and their homeland had passed into myth. In fifty centuries, only those into whose hands the sacred knowledge had been passed, and those who were enabled to recall past lives, still retained knowledge of their true history. In a hundred centuries, most all of the knowledge had been lost, not only to memory, but through the ongoing destruction of books and manuscripts meant to preserve some vestige of the past."

Kenji closes his eyes and sighs. "And there came the age when clan chieftains and others who had maintained a rule of hereditary succession over organized tribal groups began to adopt the practice—the ruse—of proclaiming themselves of royal descent, or even of divine descent. This practice was I believe a result of memories or legends of the Grand House, the royalty of the People of the One, and its family structure, the original and only true royalty, to use the term correctly. As other lines of so-called royal blood endured, the existence of a true royal line was considered threatening by some. The vicious or despotic amongst the self-christened royals who possessed knowledge of the past considered the existence of true or transcendent royalty to be highly dangerous. If one of true royal heritage were to step forth, perhaps demonstrate powers considered magical, claim descent from the Grand House and offer the people freedom from tyranny, they would be able to unseat the imposters. Efforts were made to locate and destroy anyone connected by local legend to the Grand House. The extant true members of the Grand House came here, to this valley, where they could not be found."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite,* ch. 10)

Visualization Practice Provided by the Celestials

"*You will understand the power of visualization when you wish not to fall asleep because your reality is finally better than your dreams*." —the Celestial Aani

The following is the visualization process Aani gave us, as recorded by Mani.

“This is an advanced visualization,” Aani begins. “As in any complex visualization, you must have memorized the procedure, you must find a proper time and place, and you must attain a state of deep peacefulness before beginning. You must also practice the cadence of breathing before adding images in your mind’s eye. In so doing, you will breathe naturally without thought and can focus on the images. Images are the key. The counts of your breathing should be evenly paced slightly slower than your heart beats while resting.”

“Now, in your place of peace, sit only, do not lie down. Awareness is required, not sleep. Relax and breath deeply. Find your center. Find a place of peace.”

“Focus your awareness in your heart and visualize your entire chest area enveloped in a bright pink aura. A light brilliant pink, like a pink light bulb may appear. Breath in to the count of six while you hold this image firmly. You will then begin to attain a state of higher awareness.”

“Hold your breath in for a count of twelve and as you do so raise the bright pink cloud to a point three inches above the top of your head. Release your breath slowly to the count of eight and at the same time expand the pink cloud so that it includes your head and the upper part of your body. See this clearly. If you cannot, stop and begin again at another time.”

“When your breath is expelled and lungs empty, hold your breath out to the count of twelve and at the same time keep in your mind’s eye the image of the shining pink cloud surrounding your head and upper body.”

“Now, relax, breathe evenly and center your awareness in your throat and visualize a bright blue aura enveloping your throat and shoulders. When this image is clear, take in a breath to the count of six and hold the image of the blue aura. Hold your breath in for a count of twelve and as you do raise the blue aura to a point about three inches above the top of your head.”

“Release your breath slowly to a count of eight and at the same time expand the blue cloud so that it surrounds your head and upper part of your body.

When your breath is expelled and your lungs empty, hold your breath out for the count of twelve and at the same time maintain the image of the bright blue aura enveloping your head and upper body."

"Now, center your awareness in your head right above the bridge of the nose and between the eyebrows about one-half inch back of the forehead. Do this precisely. If you cannot, stop and proceed again from the beginning at another time."

"Visualize a brilliant white light around your head and count six while you breath in. Hold your breath for a count of twelve and raise the brilliant white aura to a point about three inches above the top of your head. Release your breath to the count of eight and as you do see and feel your head center join with the centers above your head so that they become as one. Do not further concern yourself about the centers above your head, simply know that they are there."

"Now see the light created by this fusion light up the whole space about you. Brilliant and clear. When your breath is expelled hold your lungs empty for the count of twelve and see that brilliant sun-like aura contract so that it includes only your head and the entire upper part of your body above the waist."

"Now sit in quiet mediation for several minutes. During this time you will petition for greater awareness and a greater sense of oneness with All-That-Is. It will manifest as you petition. That is law, it will be. You may add other affirmations if you wish. Before you rise say to yourself: Let good befall the world, let the pure light come forth."

"Practiced properly with conscientiousness and intent, this exercise will provide you with everything you require or desire. Peace, harmony, freedom, joy, beauty, abundance, and love. I need say no more."

Authors Note: Buddha was once asked, "*What have you gained from meditation?*" He replied, "*Nothing. However, let me tell you what I lost: Anger, anxiety, depression, insecurity, fear of old age and death...*"

"*If the physical world can affect the mind and its thoughts, but the mind cannot affect the physical world, then that would be the only one-way interaction known in the natural world, and the only one-way interaction known to science*." —Ernst Mach, Ph.D., originator of the Mach number

Editor's Note: Please do not miss the the Associate Material Anthology below, an essential section of this book where you'll find an extensive selection of insights from and dialogues with many of the extraordinary people Hawking met during his years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau.

Afterward to U.S. Edition

Our reaction to the foregoing narratives will vary with the reach of our vision. The argument of the unenlightened individual that the teachings of the Celestials are untrue—merely because he or she seems unable to manifest what is desired—is scientifically untenable. The richest gallery of art is boring to one who cannot see.

"*Every man takes the limits of his own field of vision for the limits of the world*." —Schopenhauer

The field of the normal person's awareness is, as can be easily demonstrated, narrowly circumscribed and extremely limited. Beyond the parameters of their work-a-day consciousness, which they assume to be their only consciousness, are enlarged fields of awareness in which far greater potentials exist. It is my hope that these potentials have herein been illuminated amply enough to encourage the reader to further study and experimentation. The rewards are rich indeed.

And what of the ancient legends of prehistory? Man can only comprehend what is within his reach; it is a greater presumption, says Plutarch, for those who are ordinary men to venture to talk about the ancients than it is for a man ignorant of music to judge an orchestra. When we say that in the infinity of past millennia great civilizations did exist or did not exist, our tongues say it but our intellect does not comprehend it. And from this incomprehension is born the delusions and denials with which the world is possessed, weighing in its scales a thing so far from its capacity to measure.

In cultural traditions, in the writings of the ancients, and in tantalizingly tangible physical artifacts, there is evidence of civilizations possessed of a high state of culture existing long before the historical ones. Yet, between the outer world and the secrets of these ancient civilizations, a heavy veil has descended. Given their extreme antiquity this is to be expected. The deepest

reaches of our oceans are more remote to examination than the surface of the moon. Archeological probing deep beneath the sea bed remains a far-off dream. It is not staggeringly improbable that ineluctable physical evidence of such immemorial civilizations will someday be found, yet for now the extremes of our speculations tend to fall finally into dazzlement; that as on old maps, beyond the farthest limits of the known is the unknown.

If you enjoyed this book - *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* - we respectfully ask that you submit a review on its appropriate Amazon page. Reviews are crucial for our books to reach a wider audience of qualified readers. If you feel you benefited from this book, please take a moment to leave a review, even if it's just a sentence or two, it will be greatly appreciated. Amazon page for the U.S. here, for the U.K. here, for Canada here, for Australia here, and for Egypt here. Thank you!

- Part IV: Associated Material Anthology -

Preface

From all of us at Wisdom Masters Press, thank you for reading. It is our greatest hope that you found this exploration of the celestials' knowledge and wisdom informative and inspirational. If so, you may be interested in exploring more, along with where it all began. For your reading enjoyment we've included a brief anthology below, in case you're interested. Please take a moment to explore, we believe you will find these books very rewarding.

This anthology has several important purposes, primary of which are:

- To present a comprehensive selection of insights from and dialogues with many of the extraordinary people Hawking encountered during his sixty-two months in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau.

- To provide in-depth information regarding the subject matter of each book. We consider this to be an *essential service* to assist our readers in making informed decisions as to which books they may be interested in obtaining, and which books are of no interest to them.

The following anthology, then, is designed to illuminate the esoteric knowledge and practices preserved in the ancient *Himalayan, Zhang Zhung*,

and Egyptian mystic wisdom traditions, in four parts:

• *A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed*, explores the knowledge and wisdom of the great Egyptian Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten*, who lived and authored her esoteric manuscript '*The Golden Crown*' in the age of the Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), over three-thousand-three-hundred years ago.

• *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'*, a detailed exploration of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor*, a shamanic masteress of the very ancient *Zhang Zhung* tradition of the art of true magic, or "sorcery."

• *Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers*, a comprehensive guide to attaining true paranormal abilities. Reveals in detail the wisdom, knowledge and practices of a number of profoundly enlightened individuals explorer M.G. Hawking encountered in isolated *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet. Presents the foundational scientific information and esoteric knowledge necessary to enable a properly equipped individual to attain true extrasensory and psychokinetic abilities. (Recommended for strongly motivated high-intermediate or advanced students.)

• *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power*, the first book in the series which narrates explorer M.G. Hawking's experiences during the first several of the five years he spent in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau*. Book One, Part 1 - *Revelations of a Paranormal Kind*.

We ask the reader to take his or her time in reading this anthology. A space between lines indicates the end of one section of a text and a jump to the next. A link to a handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the following sections appears at appropriate places. For easy navigation, clickable links to each section included following the reference guide. Some geographical references have of necessity been altered to camouflage actual locations. Notes have been inserted where necessary to clarify complex translations and elucidate material that may not be well-known to the lay reader.

Author's Note: In Lewis Carroll's sequel to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865)—*Through the Looking Glass* (1871)—near the end of her

encounter with the White Queen, Alice protests that "*one can't believe impossible things*." The White Queen famously retorts, "*I daresay you haven't had much practice. When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast*."

Unlike the White Queen, I do not advocate believing impossible things. But it is much to be hoped that the following anthological collection will encourage the reader to consider all the evidence and therefore believe at least one anomalous thing—perhaps even "before breakfast."

"*Miracles happen not in opposition to nature, but in opposition to what we know of nature*." —Saint Augustine of Hippo (A.D. 354-430)

"*Probable impossibilities are to be preferred to improbable possibilities*." —Aristotle (384-322 B.C.)

Go Directly To: *A Great Master Speaks*, c. 1370 BC *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Indivduals Appearing

Excerpts from
***A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed - The True Secrets of Esoteric Knowledge*, circa 1370 B.C.**

"*In the presence of such as Kalika, a mother birthing her literary masterpieces, a genius giving order to chaos, meaning to matter, nobility to form and thought, we feel as close as we shall ever be to the One Life and One Mind that constitute the ultimate unintelligible intelligence of the world*." —*Padma Sambhava*, the great Adept, author of some of the most significant spiritual texts in history

A Platinum Edition Book. Highly relevant to the book you're reading, the volume excerpted below focuses on the life and wisdom of the great Egyptian Adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten*, who lived and authored esoteric manuscripts in Egypt in the time of the Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, Amenhotep III and Amenhotep IV (*Akhenaten*), over three-thousand-three-hundred years

ago.

Shortly after Hawking's arrival in the small *Himalayan* village of *Siddhalaya*, Lama Dhanaga and Lama Karpa, the resident lamas of the village, requested that he assist in retrieving a manuscript recently found in the highlands of Tibet, thought to have originated in ancient Egypt, written by a supreme female master. A primary source of that manuscript was said to be a set of exquisite marble tablets originating from an immensely ancient civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world. Through a series of adventures, the document was recovered and returned to *Siddhalaya*.

The discussions in this book revolve around the content that manuscript. Fragments of the material presented in this volume have at various times through the millennia appeared in arcane religious texts, in the more profound Eastern philosophies, and in the secret wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that conveys true power has an ancient origin. In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various formats, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters.

The writings of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* are absent nothing—they are all-encompassing. Under the patronage of the successive kings Amenhotep III and Amenhotep IV (*Akhenaten*), Kalika produced her first manuscript, *The Golden Crown*, for important reasons. It is to some extent a manual, a comprehensive guide to reaching higher awareness, written by a supreme master for masters, but not only for masters. Kalika intended that it could be utilized by persons of requisite ability to reach, through their own efforts, significantly expanded levels of awareness. It sets forth essential principles of consciousness, methods of meditation, visualization, and techniques to enable and master the creative powers that inevitably accompany a growth of conscious awareness.

* * *

Author's Note: We acknowledge the immense debt owed to Champollion's decipherment of early Egyptian writings, along with the labors of all the scholars who followed. Without those devoted efforts, *Kalika's* manuscript would remain incomprehensible. For '*The Golden Crown'* to have been nothing more than an artifact from the dawn of civilization—pages on pages

of symbols, the meaning of which remained unknown—would have robbed the world of an enormous treasure.

Egyptology was a by-product of Napoleonic imperialism. When the great Corsican led his French expedition to Egypt in 1798 he took with him a number of academics and engineers to explore and map the terrain, and made a place also for certain scholars strangely interested in Egypt for the sake of a better understanding of history. It was this group of men who first revealed the magnificent temples of Luxor and Karnak to the modern world; and the elaborate *Description de Egypte* (1809-13) which they prepared for the French Academy was the first milestone in the scientific study of this majestic, forgotten civilization.

For many years, however, they were unable to read the lordly inscriptions surviving on the monuments. Typical of the scientific temperament was the patient devotion with which Champollion, one of these savants, applied himself to the decipherment of the mysterious hieroglyphics. He found at last an obelisk covered with such “sacred carvings” in Egyptian, but bearing at the base a Greek inscription which indicated that the writing concerned Ptolemy and Cleopatra. Guessing that two of the hieroglyphics, often repeated with a royal cartouche attached, were the names of these rulers, he made out tentatively (in 1822) eleven Egyptian letters; this was the first proof that ancient Egypt had an alphabet. Then he applied this alphabet to a great black stone slab that Napoleon's troops had stumbled upon near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. This “Rosetta Stone” contained an inscription in three languages: first in hieroglyphics, second in “demotic” (the popular script of the Egyptians), and third in Greek. With his knowledge of Greek, and the eleven letters made out from the obelisk, Champollion, after more than twenty years of labor, deciphered the whole inscription, discovered the entire Egyptian alphabet, and opened the way to the recovery of an astonishing lost world.

I have endeavored in this book to accomplish the last part of an assignment which I rashly accepted many years ago, to compose an account of what we know of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* and her brilliant writings. I wish to tell as much as I can, in as little space as I can, of the contributions her genius has made to the cultural heritage of mankind, and to chronicle and contemplate, in their causes and results, the wisdom of her philosophy and the achievements of her art. I do not need to be told, in its very conception, how immodest this

endeavor is, for many years of effort have made it clear that no one mind, and no single lifetime, can adequately encompass this task as the story of Kalika is one of the most epic in history, and her writings reveal the great knowledge and power of the masters of that mysterious land in those distant ages.

Writing an account of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* shares the presumptuousness of every philosophical enterprise, for it offers the spectacle of a fragment attempting to expound the whole, striving to mark in mortal words immortal things. Like esoteric philosophy itself, such a venture is at its best brave, if not imprudent, yet it is my greatest hope, despite the many errors inevitable in this undertaking, that this book may be of profound value to anyone whose passion for knowledge has instilled the desire to see things whole, to pursue unity and the deepest understanding of consciousness and our true place and power in the Universe. —M.G. Hawking

* * *

The following excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents; they may not be in chronological order and the majority of chapters are not excerpted. The handy reference guide to the individuals appearing is available here. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and chapters of this book are included following the reference guide.

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Excerpts from the chapter, *Initial Translations from 'The Golden Crown'*:

Author's Note: The following passages from Kalika's manuscript date to approximately 1368 B.C. (± 17 years). Our sincere thanks to University College London and the Petrie Museum of Egyptian Archaeology for reviewing and in some cases refining our original translations.

Through the rigid winter months we have been laboring diligently on the translations of Kalika's manuscript, *The Golden Crown*, starting early and often working late into the night. Thanks to our talented group, it has gone well. We have become deeply intrigued by Kalika and the emergence of brilliant passages. Her words have touched all of us somewhere, and some of us everywhere.

She expressed her thesis with brilliant fancy. "Throughout our land, I see men plowing, fishing, toiling, disputing, suing in the courts, lending at usury, cheating and being cheated, running after gold or pleasure; each surrounded by a cloud of hopes, fears, illusions, follies, and hates; believing that gods and fate spin the web of life for each human atom, and each in turn waiting to be drawn away by the messenger of death. Men do not realize their own divinity or true nature, yet it lives within them, ever acting on each experience of their life. Were they to recognize this, they would find that their True Self hovers ever about them, like a magnificent angel, holding in her outstretched hands a priceless Golden Crown. Were they to reach out and take that Golden Crown, it would make each man who does so a Prince, each woman a Princess."

In a commentary found with Kalika's manuscript, the great adept *Sambhava* reveals a rich and fascinating picture of Kalika. Her origin unfortunately eludes us; though she was clearly a child of high degree, we hear nothing of her apparently noble or perhaps even royal lineage, only that she was raised in the royal court. Though separated in time from Kalika by over two-thousand-one-hundred years, *Sambhava* writes as if he personally

observed her from youth, so intimate is the portrait.

Editor's Note: According to historical tradition, the great master *Padma Sambhava*, after living for centuries in India accomplishing beneficial wonders, came to Tibet at the invitation of Emperor *Trisong Detsen*, to assist him and the Indian philosopher *Shantarakshita* in building the first monastery ever to take root in this remote land. Anticipating the great persecution of the ninth century that destroyed much of early Tibetan Buddhism, *Padma Sambhava* hid numerous texts throughout Tibet, including the *Book of Natural Liberation*. After the eventual restoration of Buddhism, the spiritual "treasure-discoverers" emerged, all of whom exhibited extraordinary powers of clairvoyance. They were often thought to be reincarnations of aspects of *Padma Sambhava* himself, or of his twenty-five major tantric disciples. Texts were found in caves high on cliffs, underground, in rocks and trees. All the rest were discovered at the right moment, that is, when people needed them the most. This tradition is in keeping with ancient Egyptian and Indian precedent, especially in the world of the great adepts. It is said that the entire Universal Vehicle sutra and Tantra collection were discovered during the first century by the adept *Nagurjuna*, deep in the Indian Ocean. *Karma Lingpa* was the famous treasure discoverer of the fourteenth century, and is claimed by some to have been an incarnation of *Padma Sambhava*. He discovered the *Book of Natural Liberation* collection in a cave on the *Gampo Dar* mountain in central Tibet, sometime around the year fourteen-hundred.

The young Kalika was utterly unpretentious, insisting on living as much as possible out of doors; she majored in running, romping, swimming, sailing; ate simple food, wore simple clothing and altogether eschewed shoes. She did not relish traditional education; she disliked writing and fled from the difficulties of formal hieroglyphs. She quickly recognized the charms of reading, and read all the volumes of *Thoth* (Egyptian god of magic) as her bible. The portrait that emerges is of a young woman who was, like Shelley's wild-west wind, "tameless and swift and proud."

Showing astonishing abilities by the age of twelve, the young Kalika was summoned to live in a temple complex of the Egyptian high priests to receive appropriately advanced instruction.

Author's Note: The Egyptian *high* priests were not priests in our contemporary, pedestrian sense, but were rather the scholars and keepers of

the most sacred knowledge and traditions, hence far removed from the everyday priests of the Egyptian orthodox religion.

Kalika convinced the Queen to refuse the bid. Instead, a succession of the high priests came to the royal palace to tutor her. She readily absorbed their knowledge, but would have nothing to do with the Egyptian orthodox religion, common priesthood, or their "zoological pantheon of absurdities," as she called it. *Sambhava* tells us that by the age of nineteen she had surpassed the capacity of her mentors, whom she often vexed by whimsically manifesting a variety of animals in their presence, a feat they found themselves unable to equal. At that point, the high priests were dismissed and a teacher of "supreme capacity" was invited to tutor her, from "*the sanctuary of the celestials at Karnak*."

Although surrounded by one of the most opulent royal courts of all history, she disdained its luxuries, pomp and circumstance. She engaged an architect of the realm to construct a small dwelling on the grounds of the royal residence, and later another fronting a lake or harbor within the grounds of the *Malkata* compound. She was rarely seen at court. *Sambhava* tells us that she was granted, or usurped, freedom to travel as she wished. This, he feels, was a turning point in her development. She explored all Egypt, up and down the great expanse of the Nile, traveling with minimal escort and no outward indication of her status.

As the translation of Kalika's text proceeded, what emerged was quite different than what we expected. The text can be roughly sectioned into three parts. The first consists of stories and insights on a wide range of themes; the second details the specific portions of higher knowledge she felt most relevant and valuable; the third tells of her experiences while endeavoring to introduce this knowledge to a selection of individuals.

Kalika's style is delightful; natural, intimate, vivid, confidential. It is a comfort to be spoken to so familiarly by a master. Jump in at any point in her narrative and you are caught by the arm and swept along, never knowing, and rarely caring, where you will go. In the early section she writes on an eclectic selection of topics; anything that strikes her fancy or mood flows from her pen, including scores of illuminating anecdotes that transform the abstract into the intelligible. The farther our work progressed, the greater our realization that this was no little brook that flowed from Egypt, but a mighty river.

The enkindling light of an exceptional intellect is everywhere apparent. “Consciousness,” she writes, “is the substance of the universe, that by which and in which all reality has its being and subsistence; it is the infinite energy of the universe. The principles are the basic means of understanding the operative relations which constitute the infinite complex of things, their entire essence and truth.”

Kalika asserts that “if the foundation of your understanding is lacking, your empirical observations are worthless; inquiry has no other aim than to identify principles; if this goal does not enter your course, your inquiries will progress into infinite irresolution. If perception from our sensory and intellectual faculties is received without understanding, it does nothing but float on illusions, and it is of no purpose to let our judgment be swayed by any part of its operation. Each mystery, when solved without understanding, will only reveal a deeper mystery, like an inscrutable maze of infinite extent.”

Here, philosophy becomes literature, not with the cool pithiness of Bacon, nor with the ingratiating intimacy of Descartes, nor with the high emotional tones of Pascal, but rather like Sextus and Voltaire, she writes philosophy so brilliantly that no one supposes she is writing philosophy.

“What you know to be true exists for you, and will manifest in your experience. The more your beliefs align with and so reflect true knowledge, the more powerful you become. To arrive at the place of knowing the truly unlimited power of your being, of your true self, requires the transcendence of the intellectual, logical, rational processes of your mind, which are based upon the vast input of indoctrination and conditioning imposed by our culture, religion and society. Such knowing is arrived at only by experience, and that experience can only manifest when you have managed to escape, to some extent, from your conditioning of limitation.”

Kalika reveals herself with candor and felicity; she has an artist's inevitable vanity, but so amenably that it hardly offends, and she often displays a disarming modesty. “I speak my mind clearly on all these principles, even those which may exceed my understanding, hence the opinion I give of them is a measure of my perception, not of the principles themselves.” (This reminds me of Diogenes, who, when reproached for meddling in philosophy, although ignorant of it, replied, “I meddle in it all the more appropriately.”)

Kalika is quite capable of sowing dragon's teeth. “Through our wondrous history the Egyptian people have been presented with a variety of gods; once

their political utility was discovered, they became innumerable. Yet the oscillation of any god's fame is precarious, being subject to the wild vicissitudes of taste, and most are now too dead to mind anonymity. How clear can this be?—the ancient faith is false at the bottom and diseased at the top. The deification of powerful priests reveals not how much the priestly classes think of their leaders, but of how little they think of their gods.

"What then are all these gods? The creations of ignorance and fear and the seeking of power; absurd nothings that simple minds adore without knowing why: gods whom the world of unaware man has made, and who never made the world. Egypt's priesthood offers this mass of superstition, ritualism, and hypocrisy as religion. Should it not rather be that the body charged with dispensing wisdom begin by being its example?"

The adepts, Kalika tells us, look with "silent contempt" upon this religion of idols. "They tolerate it partly because they are concerned that superstition among the people is essential to their own influence; partly because they believe that superstition is indestructible, dying in one form only to be reborn in another. No man of sense, they feel, will quarrel with a force capable of so many reincarnations."

Ever straining at the leash of caution, Kalika disdains the empire's obsession with conquest and occupation of foreign lands. "For though there is drama in the details of strife and war, there is a dreary consistency in its causes and results; such history becomes a menial attendance upon the excesses of power, in which victories and defeats cancel one another into a resounding zero. The greed and desire for glory of a few levies a horrendous toll of death on the many, and the emptied hearts of the defeated weigh upon us all."

Doubtless Kalika is right in her judgment that feeling, rather than thought or reason, is the lever of history, but her observations alienated many of the nobles and military commanders. *Sambhava* notes that *Merimose* (Viceroy of Kush) had a direct retort, delivered personally to Kalika, who had been summoned to the royal court: "You speak of death as if you know it. You know nothing, and death is nothing; but to live defeated and inglorious is to die daily. The competition of individuals constitutes nature's ultimate court, from which there is no appeal."

In countering *Merimose,* Kalika reportedly replied: "If, in our Egypt, nothing exists except individual entities, then what is the state, the priesthood, the military, but conspiracies of privileged individuals, to frighten

and control, to tax and rule, to heard to slaughter the indoctrinated rest? How will nature's court weigh on that?"

We are not told the Viceroy replied. "*Brilliant women*," Euripides warned a thousand years too late, "*are dangerous*." —Euripides (c. 480-406 B.C.)

The bulk of the priesthood, some Viziers—*Aperel* and *Ptahmose* are cited —and other unnamed members of the royal court resisted Kalika's work on what was to be *The Golden Crown*. She responded: "To object to this is to object to any attempt at a humanized synthesis of adeptic knowledge. I strongly believe that synthesis is needed; that the highly specialized adepts should welcome any sincere effort to bring portions of their traditions and results of their studies to light. In the solitude of their retreats and under the protection of their unintelligibility they are invisible to the people. We must labor together lest the higher knowledge remain the technical privilege and power of a few individuals isolated from the people of Egypt."

In a royal burst of common sense, Kalika's all-powerful patron Amenhotep III ordered the priesthood and nobility to refrain from any public mention of Kalika, and, in a personal audience, forced the priests to defend their resistance. They argued that such knowledge was meaningless to the common people, that the true nature of reality was incomprehensible to them, and that the orthodox religion was sufficient for their needs.

Kalika replied, "My intent is not to explain what ultimate reality is, for that would be to transform mortal imagination and speculation into doctrine and dogma, which already overwhelms our people. My task is rather to explain what can be said about the creation of the experience of reality, in every aspect from everyday life to the deepest meditations, and how that experience can be utterly transformed into one of peace and happiness."

It is here that we come to her central motivation and essential reason for writing. Her travels exposed her to every niche and strata of Egyptian society, every common class from artisan to slave. Kalika was at once engrossed and appalled by the state of the people. "Faced with a reality they believe to be true, men have been what they have had to be. They seem capable of strength and honor, but most frequently manifest weakness and ignobility. I have observed an accumulative cruelty in groups of men, though none in particular are ill-natured. They gamble and cheat and lie with no hesitation; these are considered such mild vices as to verge on virtue. Can they not see that money and power are symbols of reality, not pieces of it?

"If apart from the principles of consciousness one hopes to find the way,

it is like trying to twist a rope of sand. Those who know the principles apply them in their daily life, with each and every thought they think. And what of those who live without that knowledge? At the end of each day they exhaust another empty cycle, and at the end of days exhaust an empty life. Yet I believe that man is as capable of all things as he is of any."

Understanding that sympathy validates suffering, she offers none; she rather prefers the empathy that allows insight and gentle correction. "Now then, the aspiration for a life filled with happiness, joy, peace, fulfillment, harmony, love; happiness rather than sorrow, joy rather than pain, peace rather than chaos, fulfillment rather than frustration, harmony rather than conflict, love rather than fear.

"Happiness is your natural birthright. Why then are so many unhappy? Unhappiness is a disordered state of mind; happiness is an ordered state of mind; there are many more disordered states than ordered states. You dwell in a disordered state by default and conditioning; you achieve ordered states by process of mind; each condition, event, situation, form and person is brought into your life by your thoughts and the images in your mind's eye, which in turn arise from your deepest beliefs. The secrets of happiness are awareness and action, the exercise of energy in a way suited to a man's nature and circumstances."

Kalika expresses herself with clarity. "Each man is already a prince, each woman a princess; they need only to bring that recognition into awareness to realize their inherent ability. The absolute prerequisite for the acquisition and manifestation of intuitive knowledge and direct power is the awareness that such knowledge and power are available."

In a particularly unctuous note, the nobles, who utilized portions of exactly that knowledge to create great wealth and comfort, objected to the "turbulent and quarrelsome rabble gaining any ability to understand the greater principles of life, for such knowledge would lead to excessive freedom. Faith in the perfectibility of mankind is a childish delusion. Individual freedom contains its own nemesis; it tends to increase until it overruns the restraints necessary for social order and group survival; freedom unlimited is chaos complete."

Kalika held ground. "Your words, your beliefs, even your morals, are prejudices, and represent your conditioning and interests as a group. You cannot forever hide the truth; you cannot hide the reality that there is a common reason in all intelligent beings, one spirit that pervades all things,

one substance, one law, one truth. If all men realize this unity, the strong will no longer make prey of the weak, the few will no longer plunder the many, the rich will no longer despoil the poor, the noble will no longer be insolent to the common, and the deceitful will no longer impose upon the simple."

Clearly, the priests and nobles found it easier to criticize her than equal her. Kalika's courage brings to mind an observation from Aristippus, that the most impressive spectacle in life is the sight of a virtuous person steadily pursuing his or her course in the midst of vicious people.

There are some arid tracts, including a section that might be called "Ode to Cats," wherein she expounds rhapsodically on the grace and beauty of such creatures, and ascribes to them a host of mystical and magical powers. Cats, we are assured, have the capacity to see beyond the physical, and to read thoughts. (Puka the cat, a persistent, lounging fixture on our work table, seems to approve of this passage.)

And we are as capable of magic as cats. Kalika writes, "The world around us is a production of pure magic, a magnificent illusion. It appears to us as real because we are as much a part of the illusion as everything else. In fact, it is we who are the master magicians, as it is we who are the creators of the illusion."

Magic may not have been enough for what Kalika wished to accomplish. Her chronicle of experiences in teaching higher knowledge is in equal parts riveting and heart-rending. She candidly reports that years of effort yielded only infrequent results. In brief, she found that the deeply ingrained beliefs and presuppositions present in those she taught constituted a formidable barrier to learning.

She explains: "Beliefs of the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent pictures in the inner eye of the mind; because those patterns of thought and inner images create the nature of life and the world each person encounters, each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate and so inalterable. Their beliefs created their life; yet they imagine that life created their beliefs. The horse pulling the chariot becomes to them the chariot pulling the horse. This inversion can be impenetrable."

To overcome this barrier, Kalika utilizes techniques designed to expand awareness. She demands meditation, which she calls "breaking through the walls of the mind's room." She sees consciousness as space and mind as a room in that space; remove the walls and the enclosed space is still there, but

joined to all the rest of space, or the "All." She speaks of "power practices," specifically affirmation and visualization, for which she gives concise instructions. The result of these practices, she insists, will be dramatic if properly done. Then, "the observation and analysis of positive results can be used in the building of a new belief structure."

With the obstinate patience that is half of genius, Kalika's tenacity and brilliance led to successes. She makes special mention of the son of a polymath artist, and writes extensively about the daughter of a Theban noble or prince.

Kalika's extraordinary genius, at a time before it was possible to write a full account of what was known, wrote one of what was necessary to learn. She labored to naturalize the supernatural, marking in mortal words immortal things, often with charming whimsicality. One enticing sentence of her text reads: "There are no secrets except the secrets that keep themselves—the world is in continuous creation, and the sources of that creation are the secrets."

These next brief excerpts are passages from Kalika's manuscript, *The Golden Crown*. The translations are as literal as possible. Our goal was to produce a clear and readable translation, and while where necessary literalness was sacrificed for readability, as much as possible of Kalika's mode of expression and pure energy was retained. There is a power in her words that, if allowed, will flow through you and serve as a stimulus to recognition.

"Experience is the product of the mind—your conscious thoughts and images—propelled into being by feelings; it is also a product of unconscious thoughts and feelings. These together form the reality that you experience. You are not at the mercy of a reality that exists apart from yourself, or is thrust upon you. You are so intimately connected with the physical events composing your life experience that often you cannot distinguish between the seemingly material occurrences and the thoughts, expectations and emotions that gave them birth." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"An examination of your present experience of life will tell you much about the state of your inner mind, of your beliefs, intentions and expectations. Your thoughts and inner images, carefully studied, will let you see where you are going. They point clearly to the nature of the physical events you will experience in what you call the future. What exists physically exists first in

thoughts, images and feelings.” —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

“Every thought has a result. Similar thoughts, habitually repeated, will seem to have a more or less permanent effect. If you like the effect, then you seldom examine the thought. If you find yourself overcome by difficulties, however, you begin to wonder what is wrong. You may blame others, your own background, or a previous life. You may hold *Set* or *Apep* (ancient Egyptian gods) or some other member of our priests’ zoological pantheon of absurdities responsible, or you may simply say, 'That is life,' and accept the negative experiences as an unavoidable aspect of your existence. You may finally come to a partial understanding of the nature of reality and complain, 'I believe that I have caused these ill effects, but I find myself unable to reverse them.' If this is the case, then regardless of what you have told yourself thus far, you still do not believe that you are the creator of your own experience. As soon as you recognize this fact you can begin at once to alter those conditions that cause you unhappiness or dissatisfaction.” —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

“The power of creativity flows through you as effortlessly as your breath. From it even the tiniest portions of your outer world spring into your experience. Your thoughts and inner images have realities that spread outward; they group through attraction, building up areas of circumstances that finally coalesce in forms that you perceive as objects or as a series of events. Some images and thoughts are translated into seemingly material structures that you call objects; these exist, in your perception, within a framework you call space. Others are translated instead into structures you call events, in your perception these seem to exist within a framework you call time. Both space and time are illusions, yet they represent your most basic assumptions, which simply means that you accept both and assume that your reality is rooted in a series of moments in time and in dimensions of space. In this way your inner self is translated into your outer world.” —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

“You form the fabric of your experience through your own beliefs and expectations. Your interpersonal ideas about yourself and the nature of reality directly affect your thoughts and inner images. You take your beliefs about reality as truth, and so do not question them. They seem self-explanatory. You perceive them as statements of fact, far too obvious for examination. Therefore they are accepted without question; they are not recognized as

beliefs about reality, but are instead considered characteristics of reality itself. Frequently such ideas appear indisputable, so much a part of your beliefs that it does not occur to you to speculate about their validity. They become invisible assumptions, but they nevertheless form your personal experience of what you call reality." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

A Great Master Speaks, briefly excerpted above, discloses the profound knowledge and power of a supreme master of Ancient Egypt in a distant age. Explore the foundational knowledge and techniques necessary to fully manifest extraordinary perceptive abilities and creative powers. 2020 Edition, Kindle e-reader page count 445. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Egypt here.

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Excerpts from
True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'

"*Underneath all civilization, ancient or modern, moved and still moves a sea of magic and sorcery. Perhaps they will remain when all the works of our reason have passed away*." —Will Durant, Ph.D., recipient of the Pulitzer Prize and the Medal of Freedom

"[*O*]*f the early religion of Tibet, concerning which but very imperfect accounts are existing, so much is certain, that sorcery was the principle feature of it*." —H.A. Jäschke, *Tibetan-English Dictionary*, London, 1881

A Platinum Edition Book. Based on the archived field notes and journals of explorer M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, this remarkable book contains detailed narratives of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor*, a true *B'on* sorceress. To say that Mani is a rare and exceptional young lady would be to gravely understate the case. Mani was born in a small village in Tibet, orphaned at an early age by Chinese hostilities, then adopted and mentored in an ancient *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a *B'on* master of great power, one of perhaps two or three remaining teachers of the primeval esoteric arts of

Zhang Zhung magic, or "sorcery." This book discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that allowed her to attain such extraordinary abilities.

For thousands of years Tibet has been a fabled land of mystery and magic. Isolated from the rest of the world by its topography and remote setting on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau*—the highest in the world, with an average elevation of over 15,000 feet—Tibet is home to the forgotten kingdom of *Zhang Zhung*, the ancient realm of the original pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion. According to their own histories, *B'on* was founded in 16,000 B.C. by the earliest known Buddha-like master, *Tonpa Shenrab Miwoche*. Like *Siddhārtha Gautama*, our most recent historical Buddha, *Shenrab* renounced his life as a prince to become a monk, achieved enlightenment, and composed teachings that enable attainment of the highest knowledge and power.

This body of knowledge, referred to as the '*Four Portals*', is a group of highly esoteric teachings setting forth the true nature of physical reality and techniques of powerful elemental magic, or "sorcery," and is of extreme antiquity. The first extant traces of the teachings appear as part of the lore of the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* culture that arose on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* some 4000 years ago, but they are said to have originated far earlier. Being an exceedingly restricted body of knowledge, said to convey enormous powers, the teachings disappear from the historical record for some twenty-six centuries, not to reemerge until the 7th century A.D. in the arcane scriptures of the ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion, as found in the *Himalayan* highlands of Tibet.

This very rare form of esoteric *B'on* contains huge amounts of arcane and elemental magic, in keeping with its view of the cosmos as a psycho-physical unity, able to be manipulated in heightened states of awareness through clandestine techniques and practices. These profound esoteric teachings begin and end with a clear premise: "*The universe is but a mirage which exists in the mind, springs from it, is controlled by it, and sinks into it.*"

What are we to think of this "magical" concept of an ancient civilization of prehistory? In modern times we are fortunate that advanced research technologies have enabled us to radically enlarge our comprehension of the universe as compelling discoveries emerged one after another from breakthroughs in physics. To understand the esoteric teachings of the '*Four*

Portals' in this contemporary context, we may review the following insights:

"*There is no matter as such. All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness. The mind is the matrix of all matter*." —Max Planck, Nobel Laureate

"*Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms, for consciousness is absolutely fundamental. It cannot be accounted for in terms of anything else. Quantum physics reveals a basic oneness of the universe. Multiplicity is only apparent; in truth, there is only one mind*." —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

"*The atoms or elementary particles themselves are not real; they form a world of potentialities or possibilities rather than one of things or facts. [T]he philosophical issues raised by quantum mechanics apply to the big as well as the small*." —Werner Heisenberg, Nobel Laureate, originator of the Uncertainty Principle

"*Quantum theory has reached the point where the source of all matter and energy is a nothingness that contains all the possibilities of everything that has ever existed or could exist. These possibilities then emerge as probabilities before "collapsing" into localized quanta, manifesting in our awareness as the particles in space and time that are the building blocks of atoms and molecules*." —Legendary Physicist John Wheeler

Excerpt from the *Introduction*, by the author:

The purpose of this book is to provide an account of my relationship, experiences, and discussions with Mani, and to narrate what I learned of her extraordinary shamanistic knowledge. There is much to say, and I believe it is the moral intent and philosophical import that counts in writing this book, as in every art; of what use is word or sound or form if not to seek recognition and understanding of clarifying, healing, ennobling, or empowering knowledge?

I have been asked many times what it was like to know such an extraordinary person as Mani. I shall answer, briefly and precariously, that it was overwhelming. In so many ways during the time I was privileged to spend with her, Mani was my catalyst. She stunned me with her abilities, awakened me with her knowledge, encouraged me with her eager listening, warmed me with her praise, challenged me with the keenness and depth of

her perceptions, and inspired me in the pursuit of higher knowledge.

Mani consistently gave the charm of novelty to everyday things, excited feelings analogous to the supernatural by awakening my attention to the lethargy of custom and directing it to the wonders of the world within me, and, in difficult times, bid me, like the imperturbable mountains, to bear the storm silently, and endure.

It is difficult for me to describe the impact of witnessing Mani's powers. The experience of such abilities is challenging to transform into words, for those powers move in a world far beyond everyday intellect or common logic. So much so, in fact, that many do not believe that such powers exist. Of course, disbelief is a coin that some dispense, like carnival conjurors, in order to hide their incomprehension, and which human simplicity all too often accepts as payment. My dilemma however lies not in incredulity—I and many others witnessed Mani's sorceric powers far too many times for that—but rather in the difficulty entailed in presenting such experiences to what can be safely assumed, at least in the Western world, to be a largely skeptical audience.

Although sorcery traditionally begins in superstition and legend, it ends in science, as discussed in this book. Superstition is one of the most stable of social phenomena; it remains almost unchanged through centuries and civilizations, not only in its bases but even in its formulas. All superstitions arise from the quest to explain or understand the world, and we find at last that the only real understanding is to know the concepts which by themselves will govern everything on every occasion. —M.G. Hawking

For untold millenniums these teachings of the 'Four Portals' have been concealed under the most intense secrecy. An incomparable book for anyone seeking greater knowledge and personal power.

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My companions in the following excerpts were Sari, who had become my constant companion since shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya*, and Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, respectively. These three sisters were born in *Siddhalaya* and raised in the esoteric wisdom traditions of the *Himalayan* masters. Our dear friend Mani was born in Tibet, and raised and mentored in a *B’on* monastery by an abbot known to be a true *B’on* master of great power, one of the very few remaining teachers of the ancient arts of magic, or “sorcery.” A handy reference guide to the

individuals appearing in the book is available here.

Excerpt from the chapter, *Demonstrations of Psychokinetic Powers*:

Sari brews tea and hands me a cup in a large, light plastic mug. It idly crosses my mind that I would prefer iced-tea on such a warm day. Mani looks up from her sewing. She motions for me to hand her the mug. She holds it in both hands, eyes closed. A few seconds later she hands it back. The mug is freezing cold—in the tea clanks a cylinder of ice about half the diameter of the inside of the cup.

"Sari, look," I exclaim.

She does, but appears unimpressed. "You wanted it cold?"

"Yes, but . . . how did Mani do this?" I ask.

"She used her *Kriyasakti*," Sari says simply.

"The power of thought?"

"Mmmhmm."

"Mani, you used *Kriyasakti* to make this cold?

Mani turns her blue eyes to me and nods.

"But what thoughts did you use, and how?"

Sari pokes me. "The thought of cold, of course."

"All right. So, Sari, can you do this?"

"Yes. Yet I do not do such things often; Lemia (a master and Sari's mentor) discourages me from using my *Siddhi*."

Author's Note: *Siddhi*, in Sanskrit, is literally the attainment of any goal. Here Sari uses it to mean the 'Powers' arrived at through adeptic practices, encountered as a natural result of expanding awareness. These powers are considered to be the seven primary forces of consciousness, four of which are revealed, two considered esoteric, and one wholly sealed. The revealed are: 1) the power of intellect or real wisdom and knowledge; 2) the power of the will or intent; 3) the power or force which moves in a serpentine path, the universal life force in nature; and 4) the force or power of speech or music, of sound and mantras. There are two additional powers considered to be among the "secrets of secrets": 5) the power of thought enabling it to manifest perceptible, phenomenal events and forms through its own inherent energy, the *Kriyasakti* as referred to by Sari and Mani above; and 6) the highest force or power, the power of light brought to bear through advanced practices of visualization. The 7th and supreme power is considered by the masters to be the "most secret of all arcanum."

“And anyway,” Sari adds, “I like tea to be hot.”

Mani narrows her eyes at Sari, then reaches to pick up a notebook. (Mani at this time is under a vow of silence from her mentor.) She writes: “I am instructed similarly, but may use *Siddhi* for small things, for convenience or comfort. I have used the heat and ability to make fire and ice and such little things since I was a child. The abbot feels this use keeps essential ideals clear in mind, and reminds that we have power over all natural things.” (Heat, in this sense, apparently refers to the “mystic heat” abundantly demonstrated by yogins, many of whom go about with no protection in frigid weather, with no ill effects, often melting the snow and ice around them. This may explain Sari and Mani’s warmth last night, and in the water and in the tent this morning.)

“Mani, how do you make ice?” I ask.

Editor’s Note: To preserve subtle nuances, the following translation is essentially literal, albeit at some loss of readability.

Mani writes: “I held the ideal of cold tea in the Universal until it became formed to a lower vibration.”

Pause for amazement. “What?” I ask.

Mani smiles. “When you desire to bring forth some form out of Universal Substance, you must be quiet and contemplative. You see the ideal and hold in mind that Substance of which all the world is formed a sufficient time to raise or lower its vibration—this is done by visualizing a mental pattern or mold into which can flow the Substance needed to make that desired. It will come forth in a perfect form, built upon the pattern which was held in the Universal Principle.”

“What is the Universal Principle?” I ask.

“It cannot be compressed into a definition, but it is known through our mind, it is our consciousness.” Mani presses her lips together for a second. “The vastness of Universal Principle’s creative, unlimited Being is crystal clear, yet it is completely full of vibrating, emanating energy, and that emanating energy is the Universal Substance. All things are known as Universal Substance in which all form is suspended in harmonious relation, ready to respond to the call of the vibratory rate that causes it to coalesce into form. When the proper vibratory influence is set through thoughts, cooperating with the whole, the Substance, having no other course, rushes to fill the pattern set by the desire.”

“Does the technique always work?” I ask.

Mani nods and writes. “This is absolute law and none can stay its true course.”

I am impressed with this rare insight into the adeptic teaching of the ancient *B’on* shamans. And I am impressed with Mani’s candor. “The concealment of what is useful,” said Augustine, “is either an exercise in humility or an attrition of pride.”

Excerpts from the chapter, *A Sorcerer’s Perspective of the World*:

Mani watches Shrina and Chiricu carefully for a moment, then turns to stare at the mountain towering above. “I realize that I must return to the fundamental essence of what I have been teaching you, the recognition at the heart of all techniques.” Mani stops, frowns. “The more I have taught, the more concerned I have become as to how I am teaching. In a way, you have been teaching me. Each of you—Michael, Shrina, Chiricu—present a different challenge, yet I have tried to emulate, to some degree, the manner in which I was taught by the abbot. I thought that was best, but in teaching you, and in reading of Kalika’s experiences, I have learned much. My background, my upbringing . . . I was never exposed to ideas of limits, so it is easy for me to overlook the most fundamental concept of power, that which I was taught and shown virtually from infancy. Last night, I remembered something from when I was very young, something of key importance that I have not have stressed enough.”

Mani sits with us on the blankets. “Starting when I was three or four, each morning the abbot would come to me, sit on the bedside, and ask what I had dreamt. I would tell him, he would prompt me to remember more, and we would talk and laugh at how strange and wonderful dreams are.”

“Mani,” I ask, “the content of your dreams was that important to the abbot?”

“Yes . . . well no, not exactly. It was not the dreams in themselves that were most important, but the experience of dreaming, the absence of boundaries and limits—the freedom. The abbot would always finish our morning talks with the same thought, the same concept. It is the essence of power.” Mani looks at us, eyes darkening.

Shrina stares impatiently. “Well?” she asks.

“The abbot stressed that the dreaming mind and the awakened mind are

the same mind, merely in different states of consciousness. Neither mind is more real than the other, neither state is more real than the other. The freedom experienced in the dream state exists equally in the waking state, if awareness of that is held in mind."

"What does that mean?" Shrina asks.

"The abbot stressed that power involves a process of imagining, like dreaming, even when awake—especially when awake—consistently maintaining the recognition that objective, material reality is wholly as fluid and malleable as a dream, that anything is possible if your thoughts and images are properly used. This is what we call a heightened awareness, a state of enlarged consciousness and heightened awareness; if used with impeccable attention to creating with intent and purpose, it is without limits."

"The second attention," Chiricu whispers.

"Yes. The second attention is power; when you are immersed in it, everything is possible; you can perform feats that defy and break the boundaries of what is normally considered to be reality or the outer world. Sorcerers enter into this greater awareness at will, and maintain it on a higher mental level without constant direction of attention—in this way, one does not have to constantly hold the concept in mind."

Shrina motions with her hand. "Can you explain the second attention, and the others, again please."

Mani nods. "Yes. When you study the wisdom traditions, you learn that there are levels of being, so to say. They are called differently in various traditions, yet the descriptions are nearly identical. In our tradition we think of these so-called levels as what they truly are, states of awareness. They can also be thought of as states of attention since, as always, where your attention is, your awareness is. The first awareness is that of ordinary consciousness of the physical world. The second awareness represents an expanded consciousness, reaching beyond the purely physical world. The third awareness is that of even greater levels of consciousness. There are others as well. In the sorcereric tradition we conceptualize these states of awareness not as levels, but as spheres, each one fully encompassed within the next.

"You must remember that the highest awareness is like a sphere without boundary, infinite and eternal; infinite not as an endless expanse of space, but as spacelessness; eternal not as an endless duration of time, but as timelessness. This fourth awareness represents the totality of your being—it is your true self and encompasses all other states of awareness. The first

awareness—ordinary consciousness—lies within the sphere of the second, the third, and the fourth. With this conceptualization we hold sight of the fact that an individual is one with all."

Shrina looks contemplative. "And the vibration concept?" she asks.

Mani smiles. "As I have explained, the sorcereric technique of power as we are discussing it is fundamentally based on two concepts, that of vibration and the power of thought—or attention—to control vibration. All things vibrate at a certain rate, from the very slow to the infinitely fast. The slower the vibration, the greater the illusion of solidity, the greater the illusion of separation. The higher the vibration, the closer to pure Substance, to pure energy or consciousness. Thoughts and visualization control rates and movements of vibration; it is that simple. The highest vibration of pure Substance can be lowered to produce what appears as an object, a situation or circumstance. Your vibration is so controlled as well. Let us do an exercise to increase what we shall consider to be your personal vibration. Sit next to each other, facing me."

Excerpt from the chapter, *The Essential Knowledge*:

Mani left early for the gompa, to meet with Lama Dhanaga as Kenji had directed. She's back now, traipsing up the front steps with an armful of books. Protruding from each book is a forest of bookmarks. She drops them on a chair, looks in the window and motions for me to come out.

Mani looks a bit ragged. "What's wrong little one?" I ask. "Problems in the coven?"

She glares at me. "Not amusing."

"Sorry, couldn't resist. So, how did it go with Dhanaga?"

Mani peers at me with exasperation. "Michael, that man can really talk."

"I know."

Mani frowns. "You may think you know. I truly know. And look at these books."

"*Sambhava's* works," I note. "It must be all of them. Wow, look at this copy of *Natural Liberation Through Naked Vision, Identifying Intelligence*, it's beautiful."

"Yes, but Michael, I have studied this, all of these works, since I was old enough to read with comprehension. Dhanaga wants me to read them again, all of them. I do not want to. I have been through all this material, time after

time. I do not understand all of what the abbot taught, but reading them again will not change that. And look at all the marked places; your lama wants me to create meditations for every one of them. Every one. I will go crazy. This is not what I wish to study."

"So you don't like Dhanaga," I observe.

Mani perks up. "No, it is not that, he is very nice, I do like him."

"Yeah, well Caesar liked Brutus, and look where it got him. Maybe you should try Lama Karpa. I was surprised that Kenji suggested Dhanaga in the first place."

Mani ponders this for a moment. "Michael, which of them is most powerful?"

"Powerful?" I ask. "You mean with *siddhis*?"

"Yes."

Author's Note: *Siddhis,* in Sanskrit, means the 'Powers' arrived at through adeptic practices, encountered as a natural result of expanding conscious awareness. The lamas teach the student not to strive after psychic powers for their own sake, for until the student is fit to use then wisely they can easily become a serious impediment to higher spiritual development. The lamas note that what sometimes increases with these powers is not so much wisdom of intent as opportunity of expression.

"I honestly don't know," I reply. "I really haven't seen either of them do anything much out of the ordinary, except once I saw Karpa finish a cup of tea, then suddenly it was full again. I mean with no one refilling it or him getting up."

"That is nothing," Mani says. "He is the High Lama of *Siddhalaya* after all."

"Right, of course. Well, I don't know what to tell you. It might be a good idea to stick with Dhanaga; Kenji thought it was best, and Dhanaga may just be trying to get an idea of where to start with you. After all, you come from a different background of instruction, don't you? The *B'on* sorceress thing?"

"Yes," Mani says, "that is true, the traditions of the *Zhang Zhung* high sorcerers. But you have a good idea. Come with me."

Mani takes my hand; we depart the cottage and walk up the lake. She stops and positions me with my back to the water. (The following translations of Mani's speech are somewhat revised for readability and consistency of terminology.)

“Michael, today I have a task for you. The outcome will help me understand where I must begin in teaching you. The ability to create and maintain thoughts and images in mind underlies all the techniques I will teach you. You must be able to create an image precisely as you wish, and you must be able to maintain with clarity a complex image without undue effort, without grasping or struggling, and for as long as is necessary to accomplish your desire. Do you understand?”

“Sure.”

“Stand comfortably, with your weight evenly on your feet.”

“Okay.”

Mani moves toward me until her face fills my view. “Relax your body. Release all tension. Look at my face. Look only at my face. Study it. Remember every detail.”

This is easy, and very enjoyable. Mani’s face is beautiful, midnight blue eyes framed by raven black hair.

“Now close your eyes and maintain the image of my face. Do not let it waver or fade.”

I do this for several minutes. When my mind starts to wander, I relax and refocus, just as in meditation.

“Open your eyes,” Mani directs. “Do I look the same as the image you were holding?”

“Pretty much.”

“So the image stayed consistent?”

“Yes.”

“Do it again.”

I stare at her face then close my eyes, holding the image. I hear, or feel, Mani step away.

“Open your eyes,” she says.

Mani is about three feet back.

“Now what do you see?” she asks.

“More of you than just your face,” I reply.

“You see more of me, and what else?”

“Things around you, in back of you.”

“Exactly,” she says. “To the north, there is a river that flows into this lake. Sari tells me there is a bridge over the river, and a trail that runs south down the far side of the lake.”

“Yes,” I say, “the trail goes to the seven pools below the big waterfall.”

Mani moves back to me. “Just as images in mind create physical reality, physical reality creates images in mind. Images make images. That is all there is to the physical. The difference lies in what you desire to accomplish. In fifteen minutes time, you will walk to the bridge. Your task is to locate me, that is to be your desire. Find a place by the river, a place that feels right. The river will help you. Stand comfortably and hold this image of my face. Let the sound of the river flow through you. Concentrate on the image, feel the image, feel me in the image. Do not grasp at what you see in mind. Maintain the image but do not struggle to keep it exactly as you began. Let the image play, let it come alive. Maintain it but let it live. Watch very carefully the image. It will take on life, it will change. As it does, just as you saw me in a greater perspective when I moved away, you will see a greater perspective in your image. That will show you where I may be found. Remember that your intent is to see, not to reason or to guess. Your desire is to receive the expanded image, not create it.”

Mani looks out over the lake, thinking. “Michael, since you have done meditations for many years and can attain the second awareness, you may experience something for which another technique will be better. When you are holding an image of my face, not my body or the background, you may become aware of a tiny spot of light. The spot will be in your vision, not necessarily in front of my face, but close, and will appear as if it is suspended in mid-air. If this occurs, focus on the spot. Concentrate your attention on the spot of light. It will expand and take on detail. As it expands more, you will see a definite place; that will be my location at that precise moment.”

Mani turns and walks up the lake. A robin spirals down over her head, flutters, then swoops low over the lake. So, my first lesson is appropriately elementary, not in its ease, exactly, but in that it involves a game of hide and seek. The technique Mani detailed is the same one Sari outlined, the very one she used to find Chapadu. The technique is useful for telling time when not wanting to actually look at a clock. You visualize a familiar clock in your home, then relax and see what it reads. I tried it long ago, found that it worked quite well, and use it to this day. Which reminds me that I have neither a watch nor a familiar clock. I’ll just have to estimate the time.

True Experiences with a Sorceress of the ‘Four Portals’, briefly excerpted above, contains teachings that for untold millenniums have been known only to a privileged few, extraordinary knowledge long concealed under the most intense secrecy. An incomparable book for anyone on a spiritual path or

seeking greater knowledge and personal power. 2020 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, Kindle e-reader page count 422. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

GO TO: *A Great Master Speaks*, c. 1370 BC *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Indivduals Appearing

Excerpts from
Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers: A Guide to Attaining True Paranormal Abilities

"*All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness. The mind is the matrix of all matter*." —Max Planck, originator of Quantum Mechanics, Nobel Laureate

"*Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms, for consciousness is absolutely fundamental. Quantum physics reveals a basic oneness of the universe. Multiplicity is only apparent; in truth, there is only one mind*." — Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

"*The so-called miraculous powers of a great master are a natural accompaniment to his exact understanding of subtle laws that operate in the inner cosmos of consciousness*." —Yogananda (A.D. 1893-1952)

A Platinum Edition Book, recommended for high-intermediate or advanced students. Excerpt from the book's *Foreword*:

The objective of this book is to present the scientific information and esoteric knowledge necessary to enable a properly equipped individual to attain true extrasensory and psychokinetic abilities. Extrasensory perception and psychokinesis refer to the utilization of consciousness in a manner enabling a person to clearly observe or fully manipulate a physical system without direct physical presence or interaction, capacities increasing recognized in the academic and scientific communities as part of the field of human ability.

In essence, this book is an exploration of knowledge in the original sense of a

search for extraordinary personal power and the most profound wisdom and guidance in human affairs, all of which may be found, as it turns out, in understanding the natural workings of consciousness in the universe in which we find ourselves, and of which we are a part.

The personal experience of many of our readers demonstrates that the esoteric knowledge revealed in this book, when founded on a comprehension of scientific models of consciousness, offers the illumination which, with diligent study and practice, can enable the realization of very uncommon abilities, ones that can be utilized to create a superlative life for both the practitioner and others.

This volume is the result of an ongoing process of investigation and in-depth research. It repeats some concepts that we, or others before us, have already expressed—our aim is not originality but accuracy and inclusiveness; we offer this book as a survey of *scientific evidence* and a rare resource of *human experience*, not simply a series of speculations without confirmation or proof.

With the deepest appreciation, we thank the scholars and specialists of the eleven institutes, universities, and research centers who graciously provided us with irreplaceable encouragement, support, and assistance. Additionally, we gratefully acknowledge the help and counsel given us by many of the remarkable individuals whose knowledge is illuminated in this book.

As a cautionary note, it is important to understand that one should not strive for psychic powers such as psychokinesis and extrasensory perception simply for their own sake, for if not used wisely they can become an impediment to further spiritual development. This is a serious matter, and deserves special consideration.

Those who say that there is never any excess in higher knowledge—inasmuch as it is no longer higher knowledge if there is excess in it—are playing with words. These abilities are very real and what may increase with their attainment is not so much wisdom of intent as opportunity of expression. If wielded with disregard for the wellbeing of others, or with too sharp a desire for self-indulgent results, the use of these powers can become perilous. *Qui totum vult totum perdit*—"he who wants everything loses everything" (Publilius Syrus, 85–43 B.C.). It is always unwise to enlarge our instrumentalities without first enlightening our motives and intentions.

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Afterward to U.S. Edition

Associated Material Anthology

Schrödinger's Cat and New Revelations of the Quantum World

Suggested Reading in Quantum Physics, Quantum Consciousness, and Cosmology

Excerpt from the chapter, *Objective and Organization*:

"*The moment you doubt whether you can fly, you cease for ever to be able to do it*." —J.M. Barrie, *Peter and Wendy* (1911)

Alice: "*This is impossible*." The Mad Hatter: "*Only if you believe it is*." — Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865)

From the author: In order to fulfill the objective of this book, and understand its organizational structure, it is *crucial* to recognize a key point, best stated by two of the individuals you will meet in Parts III and IV of this volume (the following translations are somewhat revised for readability):

Related to me by a *B'on* High Shaman, Master Kenji, while in the *Himalayan* village of *Siddhalaya*:

"Directly and knowingly creating the events and circumstances in your life is exceedingly difficult for one who has come from the Western world. You see, you are unspeakably more conditioned to believe that life and reality work in certain limited ways, and not in other more expansive ways, then you can possibly realize. This is the end result of a materialistic society and its conceptualizations of what reality is, and more importantly, what it is not. This is especially true since your perception continually creates your life experiences, which, in turn, you allow to dictate your beliefs. There is nothing more common, or more absurd, than allowing experiences to create and reinforce beliefs when it is beliefs that create experiences. Here is a truly vicious circle. Such ingrained conditioning is extremely difficult to overcome, as you can easily see. Yet it may be bypassed by expanding one's awareness to encompass a greater range of reality. To access your true power requires that you bypass the intellectual mind's conditioning and the resultant barriers of false concepts and beliefs."

Quoted from Egyptian Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten's* manuscript of '*The Golden Crown,*' circa 1370 B.C.:

"You form the fabric of your experience through your own beliefs and expectations. Your interpersonal ideas about yourself and the nature of reality directly affect your thoughts and inner images. You take your beliefs about reality as truth, and so do not question them. They seem self-explanatory. You perceive them as statements of fact, far too obvious for examination. Therefore they are accepted without question; *they are not recognized as beliefs about reality, but are instead considered characteristics of reality itself.* Frequently such ideas appear indisputable, so much a part of your beliefs that it does not occur to you to speculate about their validity. They become invisible assumptions, but they nevertheless form your personal experience."

The foregoing quotes from two highly enlightened individuals reveal a fundamental truth, and reveal as well the reason that so many people, despite their most determined efforts, fail to attain any degree of paranormal ability. Once again, we hear from *Kalika-Khenmetaten*:

"Beliefs of the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent pictures in the inner eye of the mind; because those patterns of thought and inner images create the nature of life and the world each person encounters, each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate and so inalterable. *Their beliefs created their life, yet they imagine that life created their beliefs. The horse pulling the chariot becomes to them the chariot pulling the horse. This inversion can be impenetrable*."

Lastly, a critical point made by *B'on* Master Kenji:

"I cannot overstress the importance of understanding that what you call reality is an unlimitedly fluid matrix, something within which an unlimited range of things are possible; you must come to know how they are possible and why they are possible. If you know that, then you know that you can accomplish what you wish. *If you know you can, you can. If there is even the slightest trace of doubt anywhere in your mind it will greatly impede your ability to manifest power directly, that is with conscious awareness of what you are doing*. There is a great difference between direct manifestation and creating the experiences of everyday life. Those experiences are within the ordinary flow of your time and evolution and expectations. Everyone, no matter how equipped, creates all of their physical, emotional, and mental experience of life through the principles of consciousness, yet most all of

those individuals are entirely unaware of such power, far less that they exercise it continuously. All the events and circumstance in their lives are of their own creation, but that creation occurs in an unrealized manner, by way of their primary beliefs and expectations regarding life and by way of their decisions—the choices based upon their basic beliefs. So for most, this process of creating represents little more than unthought, unexamined, default decisions."

In summary, preexisting beliefs, expectations, and doubts present significant barriers to attaining true power, and there's no use in pretending otherwise. However, they are no longer "impenetrable." In our modern age we are fortunate that advanced research technologies have enabled us to radically enlarge our comprehension of the workings of the universe as compelling discoveries emerged one after another from breakthroughs in quantum physics. To overcome the difficulty of deeply-ingrained core-belief conditioning, it is *essential* to fully absorb the scientific concepts and research results that provide the foundation for understanding that paranormal abilities not only exist, they are natural, and they are attainable.

To that end, this book is organized as follows:

• Part I: The Scientific Concepts — Provides a comprehensive background of current concepts and relevant features of quantum mechanics and models of quantum consciousness. Includes insights and explanations from some of the greatest scientific minds of the ages.

• Part II: Introduction — Explores the mysteries of consciousness and further insights into the operations of consciousness from quantum researchers. Includes introductory information for Part III.

• Part III: The Esoteric Knowledge — Narrates demonstrations of the psychokinetic and extrasensory abilities of individuals explorer M.G. Hawking witnessed during sixty-two months in remote regions of the *Himalayas* and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau. Includes detailed accounts of those extraordinary powers, and in-depth explanations of the knowledge, techniques, and visualization practices that enable them.

• Part IV: Associated Material Anthology — Extensive anthology of related material excerpted from four additional books by the author.

• Part V: Supplemental Material — Information about author M.G. Hawking and Wisdom Masters Press. Includes a listing of associated books with

complete descriptions.

• Part VI: Appendix — Contains a 'Guide to Individuals Referenced in this Book.' Also includes a list of 'Suggested Reading in Quantum Physics, Quantum Consciousness, and Cosmology.'

Excerpt from the chapter, *Quantum Consciousness, Part One, Models and Implications*:

"*Quantum physics goes deeper than any other science into the riddle of existence*." —Carlo Rovelli, Ph.D., *Centre de Physique Théorique*, Pioneer of Quantum Gravity

Consciousness is the mystery of mysteries. Consciousness is the thing most directly known to us, and, in the assessment of scholars, from philosophers to physicists, it is the *only* thing directly known to us. As the means of interpreting sense impressions and experience through the transformation of those impressions and experiences into recognizable symbols in our awareness, it cannot in the same manner interpret itself. It is the most immediate, most remarkable, and most mysterious fact known to us. Energy-matter seems less mysterious, even though less directly known. As Pascal marveled: "*There is nothing so inconceivable as that matter should be conscious of itself—philosophers who have explored its nature, scientists who have theorized on its origin—what matter could do that*?" (Blaise Pascal, A.D. 1623-1662).

The impressive advancement of scientific research in recent years has provided remarkable new windows into questions of consciousness. Since the development of quantum mechanics and relativistic concepts in the first part of the 20th century, progress has been made to understand and describe consciousness and its abilities on the basis of quantum mechanical concepts (Meijer, 2014, Meijer and Korf, 2013; et al.).

Both of these great revolutions in 20th century physics—the general and special theories of relativity and quantum theory—have revealed factors that play a fundamental role in the creation of what we perceive as physical "reality." They challenge the assumption that there is a material reality that exists 'out there' at all. In past centuries it was believed that the physical reality we experience around us exists independent of our observations—in other words, that there is an actual, real material reality. Schrödinger's wave

function, Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, Feynman's sum-over-histories, Bell's theorem, the Copenhagen interpretation, and Everett's interpretation, among other advancements in quantum research, have revealed that this is demonstrably not the case.

"*The universe itself has no single history, nor even an independent existence. That seems like a radical idea, even to many physicists. Indeed, like many notions in today's science, it appears to violate common sense. But common sense is based upon everyday experience, not upon the universe as it is revealed through the marvels of technologies such as those that allow us to gaze deep into the atom or back to the early universe*." —Stephen Hawking, Ph.D., Director, Cambridge Centre for Theoretical Cosmology.

"*Atoms or elementary particles themselves are not real; they form a world of potentialities or possibilities rather than one of things or facts. The philosophical issues raised by quantum mechanics apply to the big as well as the small*." —Werner Heisenberg, Nobel Laureate, originator of the Uncertainty Principle

Quantum physics, an exquisite refinement in the description of nature, not only describes elementary micro-physics but applies to the classical or macro-physical (Newtonian) world as well. Consciousness and its mental aspects are part of the quantum universe in which we live, and from the quantum perspective this universe is an extremely interactive place. Quantum consciousness signifies that we are part of a universe that is a work in progress; we are tiny portions of a universe looking at itself—and creating itself. And it is not only the future that we determine, but the past as well. Our present observations select one out of many possible quantum histories and futures for the "reality" we experience.

Excerpt from the chapter, *Quantum Consciousness, Part Two, Research Results*:

"*Anyone not shocked by quantum mechanics has not yet understood it*." — Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate

The quantum world builds the classical world. Everything in the classical, macroscopic world is composed of microscopic units of energy—the quanta —acting in unison. Consciousness and its various mental aspects are part of that quantum physical universe. And since consciousness arises at the

quantum level, the features of quantum physics as noted above are involved in, and represent possible explanations for, all the countless paranormal phenomena that have been observed and described since the very threshold of history, and that modern researchers consistently observe in experimental settings. These include telepathy and clairvoyance, telekinesis and psychokinesis.

Insofar as the scientific study of paranormal phenomenon, the history of experimental evidence goes back several centuries and is unnecessary to discuss here. Far more relevant is the modern evidence emerging from respected institutions utilizing state-of-the-art technology. As one of numerous examples, the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research program, which operates under the aegis of Princeton University's School of Engineering and Applied Science, with the agenda of studying the interaction of human consciousness with sensitive physical devices, systems, and processes, and developing complementary theoretical models to enable a better understanding of the role of consciousness in the establishment and manipulation of physical reality. See, e.g., Jahn and Dunne, A Modular Model of Mind/Matter Manifestations, *Journal of Scientific Exploration*, Vol. 15, No. 3, 2001.

One of the Princeton studies utilizes an apparatus that allows 9000 polystyrene balls to drop through a matrix of 330 pegs, scattering into 19 collecting bins. As the balls enter the bins, exact counts are accumulated photoelectrically and recorded by a computer. Subjects are asked to concentrate on shifting the developing distribution of balls to the right or left. Although the subjects generally do not believe that they can actually influence the distribution, and have no real idea of how to focus their consciousness to do so, over thousands of experimental runs the results reveal significant statistical deviations from chance expectations, differing from a baseline random distribution by a margin that defies the odds by billions-to-one. Psychokinetic effects are observed at the atomic level as well, demonstrated by subjects focusing on a computerized random number generator, causing it to go non-random in a fashion that defies the odds, again, by several billion-to-one. The same results were achieved even with the subjects located thousands of miles from the laboratory setting. See, Jahn and Dunne, On the Quantum Mechanics of Consciousness, With Application to Anomalous Phenomena, *Foundations of Physics*, Vol. 16, No. 8, 1986.

Over three decades, the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research laboratory published more than 60 research papers, with funding from prominent supporters such as Laurance Rockefeller, legendary for his philanthropic institutions, among them the Museum of Modern Art, Rockefeller University, and the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and James S. McDonnell, founder of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation. Not unexpectedly, given the nature of their work, numerous expert panels examined the laboratory's work and results over the years, looking for irregularities of any kind, yet their findings consistently reported that the lab's work was conducted with precision and accuracy. "*For 28 years, we've done what we wanted to do*," Dr. Jahn noted in 2007, adding, "*If people don't believe us after all the results we've produced, then they never will*."

These and many other research projects, both private and governmental, in the U.S. and abroad, have revealed psychokinesis as manifesting effects on a macroscopic scale, i.e., at the level of our everyday world of buildings and books, cars and people, of events, experiences and circumstances; as well as on the microscopic scale of elementary particles where macroscopic objects and events originate, and may manifest effects on a vastly larger but experimentally unverifiable scale as well, planetary, galactic and universal, with all energy and matter having the intrinsic feature of quantum consciousness (Scaruffi, 2006; Pribram, 1991; Lockwood, 1989). The possibility of such large scale influences is explored in the epilogue to this book.

Excerpt from the chapter, *The Potential of Psychokinesis*:

"*Miracles happen not in opposition to nature, but in opposition to what we know of nature*." —Saint Augustine of Hippo (A.D. 354-430)

Author's Note: Many of my initial insights came from Kenji, an individual surrounded by impenetrable mystery, at least according to my friend Sherpa Jampla, a resident of *Siddhalaya*. Jampla once told me, after many cups of chang, that Kenji is many things, some unimaginable, but among them an immensely powerful shaman, a practitioner of the white magic of the ancient *B'on* religion, thought to have been derived from the legendary prehistoric *Zhang Zhung* culture. This is not staggeringly implausible, as such men certainly existed. The following discussion ensued when I asked Kenji about a trip the lamas of *Siddhalaya* had requested that I take to recover a

manuscript found in Tibet.

I tell Kenji of the lamas' request for Sari and I to travel to recover the manuscripts (he knows this, judging from his expression).

Glinting eyes turn on me. "Listen now. Pay attention. It is time that I instruct you on how one handles a magical adventure. And, by the way, all of life is a magical adventure—the most magical of all adventures is the ascent to and the expression of higher consciousness—it is the very purpose of life. Ready?"

Kenji is staring at me with eyes somehow glowing brighter and brighter. I nod.

"Alright. The content of your consciousness awareness is the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is it, period. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness. Remember this. Do not forget. Your imagination is your greatest tool. Use it correctly, with impeccable discipline. Through your imagination—the thoughts and images you entertain in your mind—you determine the outcomes that you experience, all the outcomes, all the circumstances and events in your life. As long as you know of your own power, as long as you know the experiences and outcomes you desire truly exist and you entertain thoughts and images of only that outcome and nothing else, it will manifest in your experience. No other result is possible. Have you got that?"

I nod again.

"Now you know everything that is worth knowing about the creation of apparent reality, on any level. All the rest is detail only; all the philosophies in the world, religious or otherwise, can be at once identified as either revelation or as gibberish once you understand this truth." He thinks for a moment. "Well, there is a little more. I understand that you have not yet recognized that anything is as likely or unlikely, as probable or improbable, as possible or impossible, as any other thing. Have you?"

He says this quite emphatically. I shake my head no.

"Alright. That is the result of your logical mind's action, the concrete mind, the lower manas. It is the intellect; a wonderful tool for certain things, the worst possible barrier for others, a real tiger of a hurdle. The intellect can use only reason and logic. But, as you well know, logic is not everything. Even things that are patently false can be proven by the rules of logic, yes?"

"Sure. It's been shown that the rules of symbolic logic don't even apply

to actual experience."

"Naturally. Never mind that. Pay attention."

I nod and decide to keep quiet.

"In the case of this magical journey, you should have no problem with intellectual considerations arising from reason, rational thought, or logic. None of these considerations should interfere with your ability to reach a state of knowing that you will succeed. You will not need to overcome any of these intellectual processes; they will not be obstacles. Even an ordinary person can see that you stand an excellent chance of successfully obtaining the text and returning in perfect order."

Kenji is right, and I admit that it's true.

"Good. Later we will work on achieving those things that your intellectual mind tells you are impossible. Very little, my friend, is impossible. The so-called laws of nature are only the usual and customary behaviors of matter and energy in response to ordering influences that flow from consciousness in higher orders of reality. These laws are not set in stone, they are unlimitedly flexible—they respond to conscious intent, as I think you are beginning to understand. The trick is to move beyond simply believing that something may be possible—that is not nearly enough to manifest real power—to a state of knowing. All time is simultaneous, which, relevant to your perception, means that everything that can possibly happen has already happened. You select the outcome you wish to experience through your thoughts and images. However, it is greatly helpful to actually know that whatever outcome you desire is already real. Once that is accomplished, you then meet that outcome in what you perceive of as time, that apparently linear sequence of events necessary for you to perceive anything in the physical sense. It is significant to recognize that whatever outcome you aspire to experience is already real; if it were not, you would not be capable of imagining or desiring it, but that discussion need wait, in your sense of time of course. For now you must understand that you may attain the power to draw to yourself anything that you desire—any event, any circumstance, any situation, any form—as easily as you draw a breath, and just as quickly."

There are times when we must be skeptical of our skepticism. Such incredible concepts have a way of being easily rejected by one generation after another, only to be confirmed by the next.

Excerpt from the chapter, *The Unity of Subject and Object in Consciousness*:

At first light I will undertake a circumnavigation of the lake. Although it seems an easy task after the nearly two fortnight trek from Pokhara to this remote spot, I will start as early as possible to allow ample time. Yesterday I carved a sturdy stave of oak as a walking stick, and to ward off whatever may need such stout discouragement. This valley teems with wildlife, a result of both its exceeding remoteness and the Lama Karpa's prohibition of all killing. A good part of the valley is heavily forested, the jealously guarded home of leopards and other such individualists with a Rousseauian contempt for civilization and, possibly, its inhabitants. Admittedly, I have long desired to see a yeti in these endless mountains, and perhaps, as I am assured by several villagers, there are occasional examples of this legendary creature in this very valley. It is hours until dawn; I try to sleep, but am too excited. Crickets chirp, an owl hoots; over my home, on the other side of the earth, the sun burns.

I leave my camp as the sun ignites the tips of the peaks and walk in a snow-filled dream, whiteness whirling in the early dawn breeze. Shortly, I realize that this is not just ice, wind-blown from the peaks, but wet snow, falling profusely. As the light illuminates the sky, I see enormous, jet-black clouds building rapidly. The multiple peaks of the great *Dhaulagiri* massif protrude well into the atmospheric level where vast currents of air circulate, referred to by meteorologists as jet streams. In such mountains, storms of immense measure and severity can arise with virtually no warning, as many mountain climbers, living and otherwise, will sincerely attest.

In most of the high villages of the *Himalaya*, the inhabitants, not unwisely, largely retire to lower quarters in winter. *Siddhalaya* is quite different, I have been told, allegedly owing to the "mythical nature" of the village and people. It is more likely, I think, that the very long distances and high altitudes involved in such a seasonal exodus, the arduous travel conditions and the inexplicable mild winters in his valley, all encourage the residents to stay. The winter snows altogether eliminate ingress and egress over the passes, thus the valley is utterly isolated. The adepts and lamas come and go as they please, I am assured, but no one else. For several months, all food and firewood necessary for winter use must be drawn from storage, as none can enter the valley anew. Recently harvested grain and vegetables, grown in small fields to the north of the valley, lie out drying; colorful buckwheat, barley, maize, peas, hemp, and millet are arrayed in orderly rows. Heavy snow, especially with high winds, could damage these supplies, a

result with potentially serious consequences.

I dismiss my lake journey and make my way along the stone paths to the home of Sherpa Jampla and his wife Chiricu. This couple has accepted me so openly and warmly that I have come to consider them as good friends. I knock briskly and Chiricu answers, looking quite fetching wearing nothing but many strings of beads. She smiles charmingly, and I communicate my news, or try. She seems unimpressed with my interpretation of the situation, but Jampla, listening from their bed, has a different reaction. He jumps up and together we stare at the sky

Jampla smiles, oddly enough, yet sums up the situation neatly. “We must call on *Siddha*.” (According to the mythology of the *Svetasvatara-Upanishad*, the *Siddhas*, or adepts, are the *Nirmanakayas*, or ‘spirits’—in the sense of an individual or conscious spirit—of the great sages from higher planes than our own, who voluntarily incarnate or remain in physical bodies in order to help the human race in its upward progress, thus their innate knowledge, wisdom, and power.)

This sounds intriguing. I follow as Jampla heads toward the lake. Early mist swirls thickly over the water, now shiny black-onyx, opaque as the clouds. An icy haze sweeps east to west; pine needles dance black against snow white and mist gray. Jampla descends the steps, motioning me to stop. He stands by the water; he chants, but so softly I cannot make out what he is intoning. Not a half-minute later, another figure appears along the misty lake shore, very tall, perhaps six-four or six-five, garbed in white. Jampla bows, they talk for a moment; I feel it is safe to approach. The tall one is a strikingly handsome man with strangely luminous blue eyes; they seem to glow as if lit from within.

“Jampla tells me you are concerned by the approaching storm,” the tall one says. “Is this true?” Without awaiting an answer, he and Jampla grin broadly at one another, as if sharing some private amusement. Before I can explain, the tall one lifts a slender hand and points toward the towering clouds. “So, would you now, if you knew you could, turn away the storm?”

I nod. “Yes, of course.”

“And how would you go about it?” he asks.

“Actually, I’m not aware that such a thing is possible.”

“It is for some. Here, sit down, I will explain.”

I sit, as does Jampla.

“Now,” Master Amrita says, “where should I begin?” He thinks for a

moment. “The prime element is this: The content of your consciousness awareness becomes the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness.”

This is a idea held by even competitive mythologies. I nod.

“Now tell me, just what is a storm?”

“A heat engine,” I reply, “convection, moisture, huge amounts of energy.”

“So it appears. Energy and water, which is matter, and so only energy as well. Is this not true?”

I nod, wondering where this is headed.

“And what is energy?” he asks.

This is an excellent question, with an answer that exists on many levels, the deepest of which physicists have been striving to understand for decades. I can only think of the nineteenth-century definition that we now recognize as fundamentally superficial. “Energy represents the work a physical system is capable of in changing from an existing state to another specified state.”

He looks disappointed. “Energy is simply consciousness objectified. This is a key understanding. All that exists is consciousness; consciousness is the only real. All else is merely an appearance, the result of your particular format of consciousness, that is, subject-object consciousness. You are consciously aware; yet to be aware you must be aware *of* something; to be aware, you must perceive something other than self, other than your own self. The self is the subjective aspect of consciousness. That of which you are aware is the objective aspect, the objects of your awareness. Yet both subject and object are the very same, they are only perceived as separate and distinct within subject-object consciousness. So, in a practical sense, you could think of energy as the manifestation of a certain stratum of consciousness in this realm of space and time that we call physical reality. However, this is not consciousness as you normally think of it, it is consciousness transformed into an object. You must understand that all being and all existence is consciousness; the highest levels of awareness, the unmanifest energy from which all matter and interactions arise, and all the manifest matter around us. And that embraces, I would point out, that storm.”

“I see,” I respond.

He gazes at me for a moment. “Your acquiescence would suggest that you have either little idea of what I just said, or that you have studied the wisdom

traditions of the East. Since you are in this valley, absence of such knowledge seems unlikely."

"I have some knowledge of the traditions."

"Well, we shall see. Now, as all that exists is consciousness, we may be certain that consciousness can only be aware of consciousness, on whatever level it exists. Ultimately, all consciousness is precisely the same in that it is of the same source and substance, differing only in its organization, but that may or may not be perceptible depending on the extent of awareness of the perceiver. Matter is energy, and energy is an expression of consciousness, thus all energy is ordered and organized by higher expressions of consciousness than itself. Again, in practical application, you may proceed by thinking of energy and matter as relatively lower expressions of pure consciousness, and of an individualized, organized consciousness as a relatively higher expression, like you or I or Jampla. Hence, our consciousness can command the matter-energy of the storm, as that energy only represents a different form of consciousness."

I nod, expecting more. The tall one only smiles. The clouds are growing, now immense towering things, black with water, thousands of tons of it. Gusts of wind sweep the lake, buffeting us with spray.

The tall one studies me for a moment. "Well, what are you waiting for?" he asks.

"You were going to explain how the storm could be turned away."

"I have," he says emphatically.

"I don't understand. You were explaining the nature of energy as consciousness, but that doesn't explain how to turn the storm away."

He grins. "Oh, but it does. You do not believe you can; there is the problem."

"No, I don't believe I can," I reply. "It's not possible."

"Your belief is incorrect, you are missing something important. Beliefs about the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent images in the inner eye of the mind; those exact patterns of thought and inner images create all the experiences you encounter in life. Be aware that this explains why each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate. Their beliefs create their life; yet they imagine that life creates their beliefs. This can be difficult to overcome."

He watches me carefully. "So, to start you must feel at one with the

storm. This feeling is the emotional experience of unity, and the recognition of unity may be engendered by the experience of love. You must be one with the storm, for to feel separate is to render yourself powerless. You cannot influence something that you believe yourself to be utterly separate from, can you?"

"I suppose not," I reply.

"Certainly not. Now, you must see the beauty of the storm, see the magnificence, the power, the energy, the awesome wonder of it all. Blend with its energy, then there is no longer you here and the storm there; there is no longer a here and a there, there is only a unity of energy, a unity in your consciousness within which the storm is subsumed, where your consciousness expands to encompass the storm. Then the intent of your thoughts and images will manifest in the storm. When you know with absolute certainty that you can do this, you may accomplish whatever you desire. You may turn the storm away, dissipate the storm, turn it into something else, whatever you wish. Be at one with the storm and it will be at one with you. Do you see?"

He is either right, I think, or one of the more charming and articulate of mountain lunatics. So, I suppose, all things considered it's worth a try. I study the storm, its size, beauty, power; then think of it moving away to the east. I close my eyes and visualize the storm moving away, with, as best I can, a feeling of unity. Slowly—very slowly—I begin to feel a sensation of identity with my visualization, with the vastness of the storm, the power and purpose of its existence. I've always loved the beauty, power and strength of storms and, at length, I begin to feel rather warm toward this one. At last I open my eyes. The storm is still there but hasn't gotten any closer, I think.

"Not very fast, eh?" the tall one observes with a grin. "Perhaps you will allow me."

I watch as he rises, glances at the storm, then turns and walks up the stone steps. I shift to watch him, expecting something extraordinary to happen. At the top he stops, but simply turns back and winks, then walks off, disappearing into the swirling mist. I turn back to ask Jampla what is going on, but he is staring up at the sky, a grin on his face. I look up and nearly fall over. The storm, the entire huge complex of enormous towering clouds and their thousands of tons of water, is gone, completely gone. All that remains is clear sky slowly growing lighter with the coming morning. When I find my voice, I ask, "Who was that?"

Jampla is grinning hugely. “We call him Master Amrita. It is Sanskrit, it means immortal.”

Jampla departs and I stay to think. What natural process of nature could underlie this striking event? Storms have life cycles; they are born, mature, age, dissipate. Yet I have never seen or read of a thunder cell so huge dissipating instantaneously. An exceptionally powerful wind shear? A sudden and spectacular shift of the jet stream?

And what of Amrita’s explanation? Although scientists of the past century might have greeted those ideas as absurd, today’s physicist elite would scarcely bat an eye; most would object only to the use of such a term as love to represent the underlying unity of the Universe, or, as David Bohm was to call it, wholeness and the implicate order. In the standard model (of the big bang), the Universe began in an infinitesimal state wherein all space was the same space, all time was the same time, all things were the same thing, all energy was the same energy and, if it existed, all consciousness was the same consciousness. We now know that, in a way quite impossible for our ordinary, limited human senses to perceive but readily detectable by advanced observational techniques, the Universe is still precisely like that; the word itself means “the One Song.” The fact that there appear to be countless separate things within the four-dimensional matrix of space-time represents nothing more than their appearance in those four apparent dimensions. In this view, space-time and its contents derive their character not from attributes of their actual existence, but from the inherent qualities of our own consciousness and means of perception. A profound scientific truth lies in the poetic expression that the lifting of a single finger disturbs the most distant star.

It occurs to me that there may not be a “normal” physical explanation for what I just witnessed and it’s pointless to speculate—owls are familiar with such whistling in the dark.

“*Quantum physics provides a modern version of ancient spirituality. In a universe made out of energy, everything is entangled; everything is one*.” — Bruce Lipton, Ph.D.

“*The mystic and the physicist arrive at the same conclusion; one starting from the inner realm, the other from the outer world. The harmony between their views confirms the ancient Indian wisdom that Brahman, the ultimate reality without, is identical to Atman, the reality within*.” —Fritjof Capra,

Ph.D., winner of the Da Vinci Medallion

Excerpt from the chapter, *Essential Concepts*:

Kenji is watching me closely. “You see, nature is not a finished product, my friend. And it is not some sacred temple, nor is it a school,” he says pointedly. “You can think of it as a workshop. Nature provides the raw materials, but mind must do the rest. You must unfold your natural ability to use the tools of consciousness. In this workshop you may do what you want: You may play half-knowingly or half-heartedly with your tools and manifest incomplete creations; or you may use the tools with knowledge and precision, thereby creating exactly what you desire; beauty, harmony, freedom, love, joy, abundance, fulfillment, anything. Your experience of reality is entirely up to you; in the physical realm as in all realms, it may be molded into anything, at any time—all that you can conceive of and know is attainable can become your experience.”

“Kenji,” I encourage, “there is much in what you are saying that I find difficult to comprehend.”

Lemia squeezes my leg. “Michael, you may think of it this way: creating your life is much like painting a picture. Space and time are your canvas, your mind’s thoughts and images are your brushes and blades, and grades of energy are the colors on your palette. You may paint your picture any way you wish; large or small, bold or subtle, colorful or drab, wonderful or terrible, pleasurable or painful, successful or disastrous, creative or destructive; whatever you believe and imagine your picture can be. Your creation is what you call life, eternally unfolding in each split-second of the now.”

Her breath is warm and sweet on my face, yet, melted as I feel, there is a counterpoint to be made. “But Lemia, life seems to include, for example, earthquakes and floods and venomous snakes, as well as benevolent adepts.”

She smiles, but it is Kenji that answers. Sternly (with a touch of Aquinas, Spinoza, and Nietzsche), he says, “In your life? I think not. Good and bad are merely prejudices, terms that you apply to things according to their perceived advantage or injury to yourself or mankind. Nature itself is far beyond good and evil, and entirely ignores such egoistic terminology.” He adds (as would Machiavelli), “What is truly good seldom coincides with what appears to be advantageous from an egoistic point of view, and few are those who can

recognize and reconcile the two." Kenji smiles. "And it is not snakes that are dangerous," he assures me, "only the fear of snakes. Everything that dies dies by its own corruption, all that injures comes from within."

Lemia adds a warning. "Michael, you may go through life seemingly jostled about and battered by chance, happenstance and fate—your words for things that do not exist—or you may take up the tools you possess, the great principles of consciousness, and with them create precisely the life you most desire. If you do not impose impeccable discipline on your thoughts, mental images and emotions, directing them to encompass only what you wish to manifest in your experience, you can rely on them to be random and unruly, and manifest scores of undesired experiences, all the while drawing to you multitudes of unwanted circumstances, situations, and forms. The choice is yours, thought I believe that you have already made it. That is one of the reasons you are here."

Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers: A Guide to Attaining True Paranormal Abilities, briefly excerpted above, includes comprehensive information on Quantum Models of Consciousness, relevant Special Features of Quantum Mechanics, Reference Citations, Associated Material Anthology Section, and Suggested Reading for those interested in further information on the remarkable concepts of Quantum Consciousness. Recommended for high-intermediate and advanced students. 2020 Edition, 25 Sections, 42 Subsections, Kindle e-reader page count 364. For more information, please see the 'Look Inside' feature on the book's Amazon page. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Nepal and India here.

GO TO: *A Great Master Speaks*, c. 1370 BC *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Indivduals Appearing

Excerpts from Book One of *In The Valley of Supreme Masters*
A Chronicle of Power
Part 1 - *Revelations of a Paranormal Kind*

"*The more developed the individual consciousness the more persistently it*

will seek its true source, like a child strayed from its parent, or a wanderer longing for home. If it is capable of patient study and meditation, it may find the ladder down which it came, and will climb back to its heights."
—*Himalayan* Master R.K. of *Siddhalaya*

This is where it all began. The following excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents; they may not be in chronological order and the majority of chapters are not excerpted. A space between lines indicates the end of one excerpt and a jump to the next excerpt. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book series is available here. For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and each chapter of this volume are included following the reference guide.

The village is small and ancient, yet very beautiful. Seemingly overhead, rising nearly six miles into the sky, towers the great *Himalayan* massif of *Dhaulagiri*. Far above, magic colors appear, shimmer and disappear, silent reflections in clouds that sail across iced granite on high, swift journeys.

Nestled in a valley below the snowfields, in dense emerald-green forest by a pure azure lake, the village spreads its river-stone structures. To the north, eagles glide in the sunny mist; the clouds drift and a high forest comes into view, threaded by waterfalls. To the east, across the crystal lake, more shining waterfalls flow down out of the clouds. As I gaze, *Dhaulagiri's* peaks appear and vanish in the lavender and gray of high clouds.

This village is so exceedingly remote, and its existence so mythical, that it does not appear on official maps; on olden maps it is sometimes marked as *Bhala*, or *Bhalapada* (Sanskrit; path to *Bhala*). Yet it has at least one other, more vital name: *Siddhalaya*. *Siddha*, in Sanskrit, denotes a high adept or master; *alaya* means the abode of—for this is said to be the Village of the Masters.

The lamas (in Tibetan, a spiritual teacher or mentor) who preserve and transmit the traditions of *Siddhalaya* relate that great adepts have sojourned here periodically over the centuries. This tradition recounts that Shakyamuni visited the masters that appear in this valley, and that it was here that he came, as the historical Buddha, when he last left India. ("Come Amanda, let us go to the mountains.") Some say that Shri Krishna visited this village some five-thousand years ago, and that this was the destination of the young philosopher-adept Shankara when he embarked upon his final journey north. No ordinary person can say if these traditions are simply legends, or truth, or

some mixture thereof; yet perhaps it does not matter, for I am told that the masters visit *Siddhalaya* still.

How wonderful it feels to be in this place. It seems like a dream. As I write this, I smile over the short—and until now the sole—entry I wrote almost three months ago to begin this, the first diary of my journey.

Today I leave for Kathmandu. The most striking thing about my departure is its suddenness. I have twice before journeyed to the *Great Himalayan Range*; both trips required many months of planning and preparation. Travel arrangements and the acquisition of trekking permits, especially the latter, can take, in some cases, a year or more. This time everything falls into place in a strangely effortless manner. Even so, my reasons for this journey are ambiguous. At time, in moments of lucidity—or is it doubt?—they seem to be only the most shallow of intellectualizations: I need time away from my studies; I am restless, deeply restless, as if seeking something yet unknown; I love the great mountain regions, the beauty, the solitude, the serenity, the challenge; I need distance and clarity to decide whether to pursue work in physics or to focus primarily on philosophy—I have endeavored in these fields for years, a decision must be made. I need, or desire, or want . . . what?

Yet none of these reasons seem as real as whatever is drawing me to the vast wilderness of the *Himalaya*. I lack even a specific destination; I have only the image of a village in a valley deep within the towering ranges, a village that I know solely through a recurring dream; and although this dream is at least somewhat corroborated by references, albeit obscure—in rare books, the writings of sages and mystics, the journals of early explorers—there is no certainty that it exists.

Then there is the advice of the Hopi Indian shaman with whom I spoke nearly six months ago. “You must follow the trail of your Spirit,” he said.

I asked how such a trail could be known.

“It cannot be known by ordinary means. Spirit trails are invisible. You follow by intuition and observation. The trail will be clear of obstacles. When off the trail, many obstacles will be found. When you meet resistance, you are off the trail. Look for happenings, look for signs. You must feel your way along, carefully watching, watching, always watching.”

One thing is certain. In recent months, all circumstances and events in my life have channeled me toward this journey. And the preparations for this trip have been uncannily free of resistance. I feel propelled. Perhaps I am on the trail of Spirit. Where, I wonder, does such a trail lead?

Today may provide a hint. In midmorning a man appears, a man that all here call a “master,” walking with the High Lama of *Siddhalaya* and several others down the wide stone steps. They present a festive air, with the others, who I have been told are students, beaming and chatting quietly. I draw closer and sit near to where they gather, overhearing the end of the master's comments.

“How necessary it is to daily renew and consistently strive for a greater realization of the majestic principles of consciousness, of their ultimately overarching nature, and of their transcendence of all physical law. Through your striving, through your attainment of clarity and focus, and through your intent, you have begun to open your awareness. Yet listen well, for I tell you that not one among you yet has the faintest comprehension of the true depth and breadth of the invariant principles. By them you may access virtually measureless wisdom and power, for they are as vast as the universe, and equally as infinite. The only restrictions are those that you yourself create, by imposing limits upon your own power, and boundaries upon your own awareness.”

The students nod approvingly, as if they understand.

The master smiles. “Do not forget, the more developed the individual consciousness the more persistently it will seek its true source, like a child strayed from its parent, or a wanderer longing for home. If it is capable of patient study and meditation, it may find the ladder down which it came, and will climb back to its heights. If you desire the unseen essence passionately, and strive with dedication, then surely, perhaps in some moment when all the noise of the senses is stilled, you will find yourself one with true reality.”

Whatever this man may be, he is a master of controlled complexity. Yet one must be on guard against learned obscurity. In this reaching toward the Orient and the Infinite, it is wise to recall that the first and perhaps final lesson of philosophy is that we may all be mistaken. Even so, despite their voluptuous mysticism, I find these remarks strangely moving; even a foreign skeptic can share the feeling and envy the hope.

It is clear and cold at first light. The horizon's circle panorama of towering peaks shines ice-cold-white in the sun. I take a bracing dip in the lake, steps from my campsite. I’m excited to visit the village again; I find myself so intrigued by its people and sights that I scarcely slept. Never before in my travels through any mountain region have I seen a community and its people

so well-ordered. All I can compare it to are a few small hamlets I've encountered in the Swiss Alps, where it seemed as though I stepped into the pages of a storybook; where all the people were kind, presentable and gracious, and where the village itself looked as if it had been created by a marvelously skilled and well-funded film production crew. *Siddhalaya* village is perfectly natural, and this is the mystery; it is exotically surrealistic in its perfection.

Between the neat village homes and the lake are a series of beautiful courtyards, graced by wide stone steps leading down to the water's edge. Strolling down to these courtyards, I am pleased to see that Lama Karpa, the High Lama of *Siddhalaya,* is again present with the man referred to as a master. Everyone seems to accept the presence of this man—said to be a true adept—as quite normal and not occasion for any special activity.

This morning there is a jaunty young fellow—a nomadic Tamang trader and transporter, sporting a flute and colorful vest—who descends the steps and approaches with his wife and child. The wife is scarcely more than a child herself, petite and pretty, smiling happily. Decked with silver-beaded necklaces, she cradles a baby girl who looks, much like her mother, to be thoroughly happy with all things.

The young man, jaunty as he may be, appears hesitant to address the master directly, so looks shyly to the lama. “I wish to know what spiritual practices are most important to pursue. You see, my life is very busy, with my wife and child and mountain ponies. I must support myself and my family, and have found a fine and honest business. My responsibilities are very demanding. I cannot devote a great deal of time to spiritual matters.”

The master smiles. “There is nothing in this or any other life that is not a spiritual matter. Each belief, each thought and image, each word, each action creates that which you experience in each successive moment of your life. Therefore, let each and every thought, image, word and action reflect what you most desire and nothing else. By so doing, each and every moment will be a spiritual matter, which is to say that each moment will reflect a conscious use of your own creative power. Is this clear?”

This is notably mystical, I think, and far from clear, at least to me. Emboldened by opportunity, I move closer and sit near this man. He turns his gaze to me; his eyes possess an extraordinary depth and clarity. I have an unusual feeling, a tingly sensation of lightness. I take a breath and ask, “I am interested in knowing . . . everyone here refers to you as a master. What

exactly does that mean, what is it to be a master?"

He looks at me, clearly amused. "It is only that which others call me. Yet perhaps a master can be simply thought of as someone who set forth on the path before you. For there is nothing that I do that you cannot do, and there is nothing that I am that you are not. Your path so far has led you here, a very rare occurrence."

I nod. "I feel lucky to have found this place."

Now he appears even more amused. "There are rules to what you call luck. For the wise nothing is chance. Do you know where your path will now lead?"

"I really have no idea."

"No, I suppose not, at least in your waking moments. Consider carefully what you have so far encountered, and be assured that it is only the beginning."

This is interesting, so I ask the obvious question. "What do you mean?"

He gazes at me. "The path you are on will lead you through adventures, experiences and discoveries beyond your current ability to imagine."

"Really?" I ask, with a bit more skepticism in my voice than I intended.

He stands and smiles down at me. "Yes, quite so. Your life is a state of mind, it has no boundaries. I advise you to reflect on that."

"I will, but these things beyond my ability to imagine? I'd really like to know what you mean."

His smile fades. "Choose other desires."

I must appear disappointed. His smile returns. "I cannot say more; it is impossible to transform experience and discovery into words, for they move in a world beyond your logic and intellect. One must learn to recognize forces behind experiences, and desires behind discoveries. You will see." He turns to leave, then stops. "And continue to pay attention to your dreams; though they may seem at times obscure, they repay unraveling."

Among the treasures of this incredible valley is *Siddhalaya* gompa (Tibetan; *dgon-pa*, monastery), although I have been informed that *Siddhalaya* gompa is not a true monastery, but rather a "retreat in the solitude." An imposing and stirringly beautiful structure, it rises two and three levels, said to have been built in sections over hundreds of years. Set to the north and some distance apart from the village, the gompa is positioned against a long, high cliff, a cliff unlike any I have seen elsewhere in the *Great Himalayan Range*, or in

any mountains. This apparently igneous rock is composed entirely of a milky, translucent white quartz-granite. When illuminated by the sun, it glows with a sparkling radiance. The gompa itself is built from blocks of this same unusual material, cut and fitted with remarkable precision, hence presents a strikingly beautiful sight—inside and out—a gleaming white structure set beneath a shining white cliff.

On the gompa's west side there is an exquisite courtyard, shaded by huge oaks and ornamented by flowering shrubs. Here the lamas teach, and here the masters occasionally appear, sometimes to instruct, more often to assist students in complex visualizations. An adept's mere presence, I am told, engenders higher states of conscious awareness than could usually be achieved. Beyond the oaks, in the granite and evergreen, the lake of turquoise glitters beneath the snow peaks.

I am consistently struck by the remarkable beauty of this remote, mountain-rimmed valley and the *Siddhalaya* gompa. To even approach the structure is to experience a feeling of peace and well-being, and to be enlarged with an awareness of exceptional beauty. Today I sit high on a snowfield, gazing about—up at the immense mountains and down upon the lake and village and gompa—it is all ethereally dazzling. I am filled with a serene happiness, a radiant joy of being here, of being alive, of simply being. “Sometimes,” wrote Thoreau, idly drifting on Walden Pond, “I cease to live, and begin to be.”

From this height, and the manner in which it is set against the high white cliff, the gompa does not appear overly large, yet it seems so inside. I have explored much of the interior, but certainly not all; certain passageways seem forbidding in some manner, which I take as an intuitive sign to stay out, at least for now. There is much mystery about the place. There are passageways which, when traveling them, seem to go much farther than it looks as if they could from the outside—is this an illusion? Twice I have glimpsed gatherings of people whom I have never seen before, and have yet to see again. And the many large rooms, could they all exist inside this building I am staring at? I have sat in library rooms which hold thousands of manuscripts and scrolls; those rooms alone seem like they would take up much of the structure I see from this bright, cold vantage point.

I have been up on this snowfield for hours; I must be careful for snow blindness comes on quickly at these altitudes. I have forgotten my dark

goggles, so pull out a handkerchief, cut a slit in the center, and tie it around my head. The Sherpas claim this works as well as any goggles. I doubt it, but they are very skilled at making do with what may be found at hand. And one cannot really question their experience with these vast mountain regions, or their outgoing desire to help. This wonderful attitude is by no means common, even in unsophisticated people; I have encountered it before only among the Eskimos. It is thought that, in pre-history, the nomadic Mongol ancestors of both Tibetans and Native Americans originated in the same region of northern Asia. Possibly the Sherpas' sense of life and freedom results in part from a common heritage; more likely it is the result of the Tibetan spiritual tradition, unlike any other on this planet.

The gompa beckons, although to visit, I have found, is much more of a setting out than a dropping in. I descend through crisp air and soft snow, hip deep, then knee deep, then forest carpeted in needles and laced with rushing crystal brooks. A hill fox hurries by, ignoring me, intent upon his hunt. Ravens wheel around the pines; landing they rustle and scratch in the fallen needles. Arriving in front to the gompa, I stomp snow and mud off my feet, remove my boots and wander in, thinking of perhaps meditating in one of the many rooms set aside for that purpose. I stroll through the main hall, and turn instead into the lower floor library. I see a door open into another book-lined room, one I have yet to explore. Here are books in several languages devoted to the geographical and geophysical history of the *Great Himalayan Range*.

On one wall of this room is set a huge map, obviously very old, made of a fibrous material, like palm leaves, somehow treated in a way that has allowed it to withstand the stress of time. The map is boldly, beautifully and precisely executed and, from what I can tell, remarkably accurate geographically. It bears strange symbols, like runes, entirely unintelligible. I peer closely and see a string of symbols next to the small bluish mark that I take to represent *Siddhalaya*.

“What is it you see?” says a voice directly into my ear. Having been so absorbed I am a bit startled, and turn to see a figure with long, jet-black hair and extraordinarily deep, glinting black eyes. I am a bit wary of this man. He is called Kenji; an individual surrounded by impenetrable mystery, at least according to Jampla.

Author’s Note: Jampla once told me, after many cups of chang, that Kenji is many things, some unimaginable, but among them a “sorcerer,” an immensely powerful practitioner of the white magic of the old B'on religion.

This is not staggeringly implausible, as such men certainly existed, but the claim is discredited somewhat by Jampla's further story of once having seen Kenji fly over the lake on the back of a snow leopard. Chang is the local brew made from fermented barley, and is, to me at least, an acquired taste, certainly, with an acquisition period that must extend over a long period of time; less than a decade would not do...

I have glimpsed Kenji a few times at the gompa; the lamas refer to him as a caretaker, though I have never seen him engaged in any such activity. However, if this is his task he is very good, as the gompa and surrounding courts are impeccably kept.

Sorcerers traffic in runes, I think; if that's what he is, perhaps he knows these symbols. “Kenji,” I ask, pointing, “this blue mark, does it represent *Siddhalaya*?”

“It does,” he replies.

“Do you know what these symbols mean? They look a lot like hieroglyphics.”

“They would, they are similar, yet actually a form of ideographs. Such symbols preceded the ancient language of Senzar, and gave it birth. Senzar was the progenitor of the original languages of Egyptian and archaic Sanskrit.”

“Can you read them?” I ask.

“Naturally.”

“What do these symbols at *Siddhalaya* mean?”

He gazes at me, unblinking, not looking at the map. “Literally, they say, 'Here exists the gate.'”

This, I think, is delightfully mystical. “Gate to what?”

He continues to peer at me, directly into my eyes. A half-second smile flashes across his face, then his gaze becomes even more intense, uncomfortably so. “To whatever you can imagine. To anything. To everything. Perhaps to nothing.”

I don't know exactly how to respond to this; there is something eerie in his voice. “That's very cryptic,” I say, “could you be more specific?”

“No,” he says. “Not in the least. It is what you would call a legend, a prehistoric legend at that. This map is very much older than you can believe.”

“How do you know? Perhaps you mis-estimate me.”

“Perhaps. But what if I told you the map was a thousand years old?”

“That seems believable,” I observe.

“Really? Then where do the limits of your belief lie? What would you consider to be believable, unbelievable, possible, impossible? Is two-thousand years too old? Five-thousand? And what if I were to tell you that this map is over twelve-thousand years old? What then would you say?”

I stare at the map, disregarding the last but wondering if it might actually be a thousand years old.

“Does your belief or disbelief change what is?” he presses.

“Actually, Kenji, I don't think my beliefs change ultimate reality the tiniest bit, if that's what you mean by what is, but they do serve as a primary determinate of my experience of that reality.”

Kenji's eyes brighten. “An excellent answer. I scarcely think I could have said it better. And just how far do you think the effects of your beliefs can lead in your experience of reality?”

“Honestly, I'm not sure,” I reply.

“Very few are. It is something that extends beyond the imaginative ability of all but the enlightened, and even escapes some of them, I'd say.”

It is early morning. Reflected sun is full on the water and my tent is filled with enchanting, undulating reflections. I lounge in my sleeping bag thinking of breakfast. I hear rustling outside, then a light tapping on the rain-fly. I pull on shorts and peer out. Sari peers in. Long hair shining, eyes glistening, she smiles coyly. She looks incredible, quite beyond my ability to describe.

We’ve been spending a lot of time together lately. It seems like we manufacture reasons, yet we always accomplish things; she has been helping me with local colloquialisms and I with her English, which she is absorbing with amazing quickness. (Sari now mixes Nepali and English quite readily, which can be confusing, so here I will offer translations that make sense rather than literal ones, which may not. This also for the irrepressible Jampla, who can be even more difficult to understand as he has picked up a smattering of other languages and considerable slang from his many climbing expeditions.)

As always, she says “*Namas-te*,” the standard greeting in Nepal, meaning “I salute you.” Then, “The High Lama wishes to talk to you. He has a mission (literally, job or task) for you. It is a great honor.”

Now Jampla appears at the tent flap, with his madman’s grin. “Let’s go,” he says. We follow Jampla to the courtyards. Sari stays right at my side; a

wonderfully comfortable sensation. She stays very close and hooks her finger in my side pocket as we walk.

The Lama is sitting with a group, talking, but rises when he sees us approach. He cocks his head and stares at me. “My, surely our valley has been beneficial to you; there is an evident increase in the light of your aura.” He looks at Sari and bows his head slightly. “And yours too, my dear.”

She beams. Sari revers Lama Karpa, as do all the people of this village. Karpa nods toward Lama Dhanaga, who signals us to join him. “Come with me,” Dhanaga says. Sari and I follow him up the lakefront to a secluded area in the northernmost courtyard. We sit and, in a moment, a chela brings a tray with tea. This is unusual here by the lake; our meeting seems to be quite the event.

Lama Dhanaga speaks in his usual direct way. “In a small village to the north there is a document, a text recently unearthed by Chapadu, a *tertoen* (Tibetan; treasure-discoverer) from the line of the great treasure hunter Karma Lingpa. Chapadu believes it may have been written by the supreme adept *Padma Sambhava* himself. Whatever it may be, it is a treasure of great value. It must be brought here for reading, exegesis, and safe keeping.”

This is remarkable news.

Lama Karpa joins us, taking Sari’s hand. “I am so glad you have come. Both of you.”

“Dhanaga has told us of the document,” I say. “This is extraordinary. This kind of find, happening now, it’s just incredible.”

“Yes,” Lama Karpa agrees. “We do not yet know with what subjects the text deals, but all of *Padma Sambhava’s* texts are found just when they are of the greatest relevance.”

“Are you sure that it is one of *Sambhava*’s writings or collections?,” I ask.

“No. That is speculation. The location in which it was found—near *Zhongasi*, the village where the text has been taken—is in contested territory, and subject to periodic Chinese incursion. The gompa has no lama in residence; he has gone to safer quarters. There is no one there to authenticate the document.

Lama Karpa pauses to reach into his garment; he produces several sheets of folded paper. “This is the most recent communication from Chapadu.” He reads for a moment. “The manuscript appears to be in two parts. Chapadu can read the first part, which he believes may have been written by *Sambhava*. He is unable to penetrate the second section, which comprises the bulk of the

text." He hands me one sheet. "There, on the bottom, Chapadu has drawn some of the figures that appear at the heading of that section. Do you recognize them?"

I take the paper, dirty and of poor grade, and examine the figures. I am dumbfounded. There is no doubt of what they are. "My god, these are glyphs." I stare at the paper in disbelief, apparently, as everyone stays silent. "These figures are Egyptian hieroglyphics, middle to late period, from what I see here.""

"Are you certain?" asks Lama Karpa.

"If what's in the document looks like what Chapadu drew on this paper, yes," I reply.

Lama Karpa is gazing at the lake; one can see the wheels turning. Clearly, he is taking my observation seriously. "An Egyptian document," he says, as if to himself. At length he turns back to face us. "With, I suspect, a commentary, perhaps written by *Sambhava*. Such a text is mentioned in certain arcane literature. It would be invaluable. Epic. Historically unprecedented. All the more reason for diligence."

"Where was the document found?" I ask.

"High on a mountain, that's all we know," Lama Dhanaga replies.

"How in the world could an ancient Egyptian text end up on a mountain in northern Tibet?" I ask.

Karpa and Dhanaga look at each other, then at me. "There is much you do not know of the history of our land and that of the ancient civilizations," Dhanaga says.

Karpa adds, "The adepts of all ages communicated freely; many of the greatest adepts arose in Egypt. Many of their most precious documents and artifacts were brought here for safekeeping. Some are of unspeakable antiquity; they had been brought to Egypt from a great civilization that faced destruction. I might add that the tableland of Tibet and the Gobi contain many ruins of their own civilizations of prehistory, as you would call it. Large numbers of documents have been recovered from the vast underground library crypts that exist there. They have been re-hidden in various places. The most crucial documents we have ourselves recovered and safely stored. And do not forget, the Egyptian adepts anticipated the partial destruction of the great Alexandrian library. Thousands of ancient parchments were removed before that library was damaged. Many were brought to these mountains to be placed beyond the gate for safekeeping. There is very much

more to this story than I can now relate."

Karpa smiles. "I do not wish to convey the impression that I will not explain; perhaps some other time. The important thing is that *Sambhava*, or someone, came into possession of this Egyptian document, researched it, apparently felt is significant enough to compose a commentary, then stored it for future discovery."

"Lama Karpa," I say, "Sari has told me that you have a task that you would like me to perform. I will be honored to do whatever you request, of course. But I'm curious; does it have something to do with this new text of *Sambhava*'s?"

Lama Karpa smiles and offers more tea. "Yes. It is quite simple really. I want you and Sari to meet Chapadu in the village of *Zhongasi*, retrieve the document, and bring it here."

My thoughts drift to where I am and what I've experienced; and why. It all began with a dream, one that—wisely or unwisely—I was compelled to follow. That dream has metamorphosed into a dream far more magnificent and astonishing than I could ever have imagined. Being here, in this pure air, the scene seems not quite real; the sunlight is too soft, the shade too black, and the mountains too stark, as if in an illuminated painting. It is stunningly surreal, as is everything I have experienced. I feel a strong sense that all of the mysterious things that exist in these mountain, even if located, can never quite be found.

I have the distinct sensation of being in a dream, as if I may suddenly awaken. Often I feel these concerns, that, if I am not actually dreaming, then I am walking through some magnificent dreamscape from which I would dread to awaken. And what of the manuscript we have been sent to recover? An ancient Egyptian text mysteriously found in Tibet? That does not seem even remotely possible. I realize that my concerns only complicate matters, but there's no sense in pretending that they are not there.

Whatever has happened, or will happen, being with Sari is an absolute wonder. Never have I felt so totally at home, so utterly comfortable with someone. It is very much like we are two parts of the same whole, yet not the same parts; she is constantly surprisingly me, constantly making me feel the deepest joy in her company, consistently making me recognize the wonderment of each new moment. I feel a sense of belonging so overwhelming as to bring tears and laughter at the same time; a sense of

immersion in some divine presence. I am deeply moved by a profound realization: For the first time since vaguely remembered childhood, I feel as if I am not alone.

Excerpted from: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Books One & Two - *The Full Series*, 2020 Edition, Kindle e-reader page count 1285. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the FR Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

Or see: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*, 2020 Edition, Kindle e-reader page count 728. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, and the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

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- Part V: Supplemental Material -

Book List and Descriptions

From the Publisher, for the Reader's Convenience: Wisdom Maters Press publishes a large number of books based on the journals and field notes of M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, for very good reasons, so many books in fact as to be a bit puzzling to readers. The primary series is quite straightforward, yet the selection of companion books is complex. Many of these companion books are very specialized, covering specific topical, methodological, experiential, and/or scientific material and, in certain books, how that relates to a number of subjects, including ancient mysteries, lost civilizations, recent revelations from the field of quantum physics, and other significant issues. To clarify our library, we assembled this book list to let interested readers browse and formulate an idea of each book's content to determine which one(s) they may wish to read.

Notes:

1. This list provides a brief summary of the subject matter of each book. We consider this to be an *essential service* to assist our readers in making informed decisions as to which books interest them and which books may not. If you have questions regarding any of our books, please don't hesitate to contact us directly via wisdommasterspress "at" gmail.

2. For more complete information on each book, click the appropriate link to visit the book's Amazon page. Once there, you can see the full book description and use the 'Look Inside' feature to see the table of contents and the beginning of the book's content.

3. To view our current book deals and other news, please see our newsletter. Join our community mailing list here and receive free books, discounts, book updates and other news. Additionally, we provide manuscript copies for qualified Research Centers, and for Museum, Library, and University Collections.

4. Kindle page counts are derived from Amazon's 'Kindle Edition Normalized Page Count' system (KENPC, V1.0), which attempts to estimate a book's page count in a way that works across most formats and devices. Actual page counts can vary significantly depending on the reading device you're using.

***'In The Valley of Supreme Masters'* Book Series**

About this Series: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* began as a test of the introduction of extremely rare material, combining an adventurous narrative with an unprecedented level of esoteric information, and has met with enthusiastic success. Originally introduced as *The Living Part of a Legend* book series (Volumes 1-4), these new editions have been restructured under the supervision of the author, contributors and editors.

• ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Books One & Two - *The Full Series***

2020 Edition, Kindle page count 1285. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the FR Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

Also available as individual volumes:

• ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power***

2020 Edition, Kindle page count 728. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, and the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

• ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters*** **- Book Two -** ***A Magic Journey Into the Infinite***

2020 Edition, Kindle page count 640. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, and the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

Companion Volumes

Each of the following companion volumes focuses on a combination of specific topical, methodological, experiential, archaeological, cosmological, quantum mechanical, and/or other material.

• ***Mystic Wisdom of the Masters, The Esoteric Knowledge of Great Adepts***

Original Edition Book. This 2020 revision of our original foundational digest of discourses from and conversations with the masters that Hawking encountered in an isolated region of the *Himalayas* is an excellent and comprehensive exploration of the wisdom, knowledge and practices of highly enlightened individuals. This book is organized by each individual master's conversations and discourses. Includes extensive Anthological and Supplemental Sections. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 432. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and the AU Amazon Store here.

• ***A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed***

Platinum Edition Book. *A Great Master Speaks* reveals the foundational knowledge and techniques of the great Egyptian Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten*. This book includes never before published excerpts from her manuscript *The Golden Crown*, written three-thousand-three-hundred years ago, along with the full account of its discovery. Under the patronage of the successive kings *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), Kalika produced her manuscript, *The Golden Crown*, for important reasons. It is to some extent a manual, a comprehensive guide to reaching higher awareness, written by a supreme master for masters, but not only for masters. Kalika intended that it

could be utilized by persons of requisite ability to reach, through their own efforts, significantly expanded levels of awareness. It sets forth essential principles of consciousness, methods of meditation, visualization, and techniques to enable and master the creative powers that inevitably accompany a growth of conscious awareness. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 445. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Egypt here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

• ***True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'***

Platinum Edition Book. Based on the archived field notes and journals of explorer M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, this remarkable book contains detailed narratives of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor*, a true *B'on* sorceress. To say that Mani is rare and exceptional would be to gravely understate the case. Born in Tibet, she was raised and mentored in an ancient *B'on* monastery by an Abbot known to be a *B'on* master of great power, one of perhaps two or three remaining teachers of the primeval esoteric arts of *B'on* magic, or 'sorcery,' the knowledge of the '*Four Portals*.'

These highly esoteric teachings set forth techniques of powerful elemental magic, or "sorcery," and are of extreme antiquity. The first extant traces of these teachings are thought to have appeared as part of the esoteric lore of the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* culture that arose on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* some four-thousand years ago, but they are believed to have originated far earlier. Being an exceedingly restricted body of knowledge, said to convey enormous powers, the teachings disappear from the historical record for some twenty-six centuries, not to reemerge until the 7th century A.D. in the arcane scriptures of the ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion, as found in the *Himalayan* highlands of Tibet.

This book discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that enabled her to attain such extraordinary abilities. 2020 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, Kindle page count 422. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store

here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here. Please see excerpts from this book here.

• Quantum Consciousness, Psychokinetic and Extrasensory Powers: A Guide to Attaining True Paranormal Abilities

Platinum Edition Book. Recommended for high-intermediate or advanced students. The objective of this book is to present the scientific information and esoteric knowledge necessary to enable a properly equipped individual to attain true extrasensory and psychokinetic abilities. Extrasensory perception and psychokinesis refer to the utilization of consciousness in a manner enabling a person to clearly observe or fully manipulate a physical system without direct physical presence or interaction, capacities increasing recognized in the academic and scientific communities as part of the field of human ability.

In essence, this book is an exploration of knowledge in the original sense of a search for extraordinary personal power and the most profound wisdom and guidance in human affairs, all of which may be found, as it turns out, in understanding the natural workings of consciousness in the universe in which we find ourselves, and of which we are a part. The content of this book is the result of an ongoing process of investigation and in-depth research; we offer this book as a survey of *scientific evidence* and a rare resource of *human experience*, not simply a series of speculations without confirmation or proof.

The personal experience of many of our readers demonstrates that the esoteric knowledge revealed in this book, when founded on a comprehension of scientific models of consciousness, offers the illumination which, with diligent study and practice, can enable the realization of very uncommon abilities, ones that can be utilized to create a superlative life for both the practitioner and others.

Organized topically with remarkably clarifying material regarding the concepts and models of quantum consciousness, this book clearly reveals the esoteric knowledge, practices, visualizations, and wisdom teachings of the profoundly enlightened individuals that the author encountered deep in the *Himalayas*. Supported by and made comprehensible by the insights of some of the greatest scientific minds of our time, these teachings can enable the development of true paranormal powers.

Includes comprehensive information on Quantum Models of Consciousness, relevant Special Features of Quantum Mechanics, Reference

Citations, Associated Material Anthology, and Suggested Reading for those interested in further information on the extraordinary concepts of Quantum Consciousness. 2020 Edition, 25 Sections, 42 Subsections, Kindle e-reader page count 364. For more information, please see the 'Look Inside' feature on the book's Amazon page. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Nepal and India here. Please see excerpts from the book here.

• ***Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.***

This book explores compelling evidence that an advanced civilization existed on the Antarctic Continent in the Paleocene epoch, the proof a number of other mysterious cultures existing prior to the last glacial period, i.e., long before the threshold of known history, along with the possible origins of those long forgotten civilizations. Contemporary research reveals a stunning antiquity of civilization on our planet as archaeology unearths buried civilizations and discovers long submerged cities. The evidence of exceedingly ancient civilizations, coupled with the remaining traces of their advanced technologies and abilities, raises profound questions.

Previous academic accounts of the origins of civilization have fallen forfeit to evidence from archaeological sites worldwide, including *Thebes* (c. 37,900 BC), *Edfu* (c. 18,000 BC), Turkey (c. 12,000 BC), Bolivia (c. 15,000 BC), Indonesia (c. 22,000 BC), the Bay of Cambay (c. 9,500 BC), and, most intriguingly, on the Antarctic Continent. The stunning discovery in Antarctica, if fully confirmed, will represent the greatest archaeological find of history.

To explore these remarkable finds, this book has four primary purposes: 1) to present archaeological and other competent evidence demonstrating that civilizations of tremendous antiquity once existed on our planet—evidence either known, inexactly known, or currently tentative; 2) to examine evidence regarding the true age of those civilizations; 3) to explore the possible origins of those civilizations; and 4) to reveal the profound esoteric knowledge and technical abilities possessed by the cultures of those civilizations.

Organization: Part I of this book explores the true antiquity of civilization on this planet, examines the ancient traditions and theogonies that shed light on the existence and age of prehistoric civilizations, details the substantial evidence for a Paleocene civilization on the Antarctic continent 55 million

years ago, and takes an inside look at recent astronomical and cosmological discoveries.

As the study of antiquity is properly accounted purely academic except as it may be made living knowledge which illuminates and enriches our contemporary life, Parts II and III of this book explore the extremely rare arcane knowledge of the ancient world, along with the powerful abilities that can be attained from the study of that knowledge, ones that convey benefits of great value in our modern world.

A truly incomparable book for anyone interested in expanding their knowledge, and especially fascinating for anyone interested in the realities behind the mysteries of Antarctica, the legends of antediluvian civilizations, and ancient extraterrestrial influences. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 312. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

• ***Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet, The Himalayan Journals of M.G. Hawking***

Free for subscribers to our mailing list, *Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet* is designed for readers new to the books from Wisdom Masters Press and interested in a further exploration of our current offerings.

There has long been a deep desire felt by scholars, both past and present, to recover the silent secrets of the ancient cultures of Tibet and Nepal, to trace the background of their prehistoric spiritual development as derived from ever earlier cultures, and then to discover whatever modern manifestations might still exist in the remote margins of that mysterious world. This desire has exerted a powerful pull on the imaginations of Westerners—historians, philologists, Tibetologists, philosophers, physicists, and psi researchers alike. "*Mysticism has been in the past and probably ever will be one of the greatest powers of the world*." —Yeats

This book presents a comprehensive anthology of excerpts from eight books containing detailed narratives of Hawking's various experiences and conversations with the truly extraordinary individuals he encountered in remote *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau. Includes a comprehensive book list with descriptions. This new volume replaces '*Five Years in Nepal and Tibet*,' which has been retired. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 265. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store

here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for Nepal and India here. Provided as a free book to those who join our community mailing list. If you wish, you may sign-up for that list here.

• ***Prophecies of a Himalayan Sage***

This book explores a remarkable discussion the author had with a true Sage of the ancient *B'on* wisdom tradition, revealing profound insights regarding a wide range of subjects, including Western civilization at this point in its history and evolution. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 350. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

• ***The Illumination, A Story of the Magic of Life and The Light***

The Illumination explores an enlightenment experience encountered by the author while in a remote village in the inner *Himalayas*. Examines the idea that enlightenment is the direct experience of a concept expressed by Eastern mystics and sages since the dawn of history, the philosophy of one mind, of the one-consciousness present in all things. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 165. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here, the U.K. Amazon Store here, the CA Amazon Store here, the AU Amazon Store here, the DE Amazon Store here, and for India and Nepal here.

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About the Author and Contributors

M.G. Hawking is an avid traveler, adventurer, and writer. Devoted to exploring remote areas of the globe to discover regions unknown to the Western world, always in search of extraordinary people and experiences, he has found many, especially in the Great Range of the Himalayas, the setting for most of his books. His focus is documenting profound wisdom traditions and revealing the knowledge and power they convey. Hawking is the author of the book series, '*In The Valley of Supreme Masters*,' along with its

associated companion volumes. When not traveling, he spends his time working on projects related to presenting books of an esoteric nature with his wonderful team in Northern California. Heather Cantrell, M.Litt., contributor and editor for Wisdom Masters Press, is an experienced world traveler. Having been born in Nepal to British parents who were teachers in various parts of Asia, she has extensive experience in the Himalayas, and is a devoted equestrian and animal lover. Amber Chellings, M.Phil., contributor and newsletter director, is an avid photographer, outdoor enthusiast and ardent equestrian. Jenna Wolfe, Ph.D., our exceptional research expert, contributor and book content supervisor, is a primary link to our numerous academic technical advisers.

About Wisdom Masters Press

The purpose of Wisdom Masters Press is to reveal the exceedingly rare esoteric knowledge and practices of profoundly enlightened individuals. While on an extended trek in the mountains of a very remote part of our world, the author encountered something unexpected and quite extraordinary.

Sweeping in an immense arc across South Asia is the “Top-of-the-World,” the *Great Himalayan Range*. Beginning with Kashmir's 26,600 foot *Naga Parbat* and extending through Tibet's 25,445 foot *Namcha Barwa*, it comprises an uninterrupted 1,500 mile long stretch of mountains with over 110 peaks rising to elevations of 25,000 feet or more. For thousands of years, the largely inaccessible inner portion of this vast wilderness has been known in esoteric literature as the *Great White Island*, and has inspired countless myths and legends.

In a secluded part of that inner range the author chanced upon a valley nestled deep in that vast wilderness. In that isolated valley he encountered a small village called *Siddhalaya*, a village so exceedingly remote that it does not appear on extant maps. This discovery marked the beginning of a series of remarkable adventures and experiences. In *Siddhalaya* he had the privilege of meeting a number of extraordinary men and women—introduced to him as “masters” and “adepts”—possessed of a knowledge and a power virtually unknown in the Western world.

The intent of our team at Wisdom Masters Press is to bring the knowledge of

the masters to light. We work very hard to produce volumes that are of exceptional value. In these books you will meet these remarkable masters and hear first-hand their expressions and explanations of the fundamental knowledge, essential principles of consciousness, and practices that manifest astonishing creative powers.

Fragments of their knowledge have at various times through the millennia appeared in esoteric literature, in the more profound Eastern philosophies, and in the occult wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that conveys true power has an primordial origin, believed to have originally been transported to ancient Egypt from an antediluvian, mid-Atlantic civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world.

In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various presentations, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters. As so many people have been deeply disappointed to learn, attaining the ability to directly manifest whatever persons, circumstances and events you desire to experience in your life cannot be truly or fully achieved through simplistic concepts of "positive thinking" or some alleged "secret," simply because a great deal is missing in those "new age" and "new thought" writings.

Therefore, we resolved to work diligently to reveal directly from true masters the principles, illumination, guidance and techniques necessary to create a superlative life. This knowledge can wholly transform your experience of this world in every positive way imaginable. It can, therefore, be of great value.

If you wish, you can sign-up for our community mailing list here to receive free books, book discounts, updates, and other news. For information about Wisdom Master Press, plus currently free books and discounts, please see our newsletter. If you have questions, you may contact us directly via wisdommasterspress "at" gmail. Thank you.

Reference Guide to Individuals Appearing - The following individuals appear in the book series, *In The Valley of Supreme Masters*, and/or its companion volumes:

Lama Karpa - The High Lama of *Siddhalaya*, Adept, mentor

Lama Dhanaga - Second Lama of *Siddhalaya*, teacher, mentor

Master R.K. - Adept of the Egyptian Mystic Wisdom Tradition

Master Amrita, the “tall one” - Adept of the *Himalayan* Mystic Wisdom Tradition

Masteress Lemia, Lemia, ‘Mia - High Adept, Ascended Master

Kenji - A man surrounded by mystery, Adept, High Shaman and much more

Sari - An extraordinary young lady, significant other to the author

Shrina - Sari and Chiricu’s younger sister, a wonderful but difficult girl

Jampla - Sherpa, Chiricu’s husband

Chiricu - Sari and Shrina’s older sister, Jampla’s wife

Dehtati - Deceased older sister of Chiricu, Sari, and Shrina

Mani - born in Tibet, mentored by a *B’on* master in ancient arts of *B’on* magic or “sorcery”

Fenn - Resident of *Siddhalaya*, originally from Norway, Maxi’s husband

Maxi - Resident of *Siddhalaya*, originally from Sweden, Fenn’s wife

Chapadu - Treasurer Discoverer (*tertoen*) in the tradition of Karma Lingpa

Kammara, Kamma’ - Chapadu’s wife

Ratna-hava, the Oracle - An unusual Adept, warrior

Shammara, Shamma’ - Guardian

Alsia - Guardian

Aani - *Ri-iha-mo*, mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Proci - *Ri-iha-mo*, mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Marit - *Ri-iha-mo*, mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Padma Sambhava - the great adept’s Adept, one of a group of eighty-four great adepts, author of some of the most significant spiritual texts in history

Kalika-Khenmetaten, Kalika - Supreme Egyptian Female Adept, author of *The Golden Crown* and *The Crown of Light*, circa 1368 B.C.

Akhenaten, Amenhotep IV - King of Egypt from about 1380 to 1362 B.C., Kalika’s patron

Tairanna, Tai’ - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Lakai - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Therika - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Puka - Sari's cat

Koshi - Mani's pet robin

RETURN TO: Table of Contents Ancient Egypt Our Universe The Antiquity The Mystery Preface First Encounter Prior to First Encounter Investigations Celestials in Ancient Literature Second Encounter Our Third Encounter Wisdom of the Celestials The Influence in Ancient Egypt Ancient Egypt Tour The Ancient 'People of the One' Visualization Practice Afterward Preface to Anthology *A Great Master Speaks*, c. 1370 BC *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* *Quantum Consciousness* *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Reference Guide

Appendix

Regarding the Cover Art: Discovered by Howard Carter in 1925 in an inner chamber of tomb KV62 and currently housed in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, the golden funerary mask of the 18th-dynasty Pharaoh *Tutankhamun* (reign 1332–1323 B.C.) is an icon of ancient Egypt. Three-thousand-three-hundred years old, it is one of the world's greatest and most famous works of art. The mask is fashioned from two layers of high-karat gold and weighs 22.6 lbs (10.23 kg). X-ray crystallography reveals that the mask contains two alloys of gold: 18.4 karat for the face and neck, and 22.5 karat gold for the rest. A protective spell is inscribed on the shoulders and back of the mask in Egyptian hieroglyphs containing ten vertical and two horizontal lines. The inscription first appeared on masks some five-hundred years before *Tutankhamun* and was later incorporated into Chapter 151B of the 'Book of the Dead,' as follows:

Words of *Anubis*:

Dd-mdw in inpw xnt sH-nTr

rdi.n.f awy.fy Hr nb-anx

DbA.n.f sw m irwt.f

Dd-mdw

i.nD Hr.k nfr-Hr nb mAwt Ts.n ptH-skry skA.n inpw

rdi.n n.f sTsw Sw Hr nfr imy nTrw

irt.k wnmt m sktt irt.k iAbtt m mandt

iw inHwy.ky m psdt iw wpt.k m inpw

iw mkHA.k m Hr iw Dbaw.k m DHwty

iw Hnskt.k m ptH-skry

iw.k m HAt wsir N mAA.f im.k

sSm.k sw r wAwt nfrt hHw.f n.k smAyt swty

sxr.f n.k xftyw.k xr psDt aAt m Hwt wrt imt iwnw

iT.f wrrt im xr Hr nb pat

Translation:

Spoken by *Anubis* foremost of the divine

When he has placed his hands over the lord of life (the coffin)

When he has wrapped it by his craft

Hail beautiful of face, lord of sight, bound by *Ptah-Sokar*, raised by *Anubis*

Whom there has been given the pillars of *Shu*, beautiful face that is in the gods

Your right eye is the Evening Boat, your left eye the Morning Boat

Your eyebrows are the Nine Gods, your brow is *Anubis*

The nape of your neck is *Horus*, your fingers *Thoth*

Your tress is *Ptah-Sokar*

You are at the fore of the *Osiris*, so he may see by you

May you guide him to the fair ways, that he may smite the gang of *Seth* for you

That he may fell your foes for you before the great *Ennead* in the great temple in *Iunu*

And there take the Great Golden Crown there before *Horus* lord of the nobles

Credit: The foregoing passages are from the synoptic edition of the New Kingdom papyri manuscripts (circa 1550-1069 B.C.). Our sincere thanks to University College London, the Petrie Museum of Egyptian Archaeology, and to Barbara Luscher.

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